The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 43. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1860. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

IS PUBLISHED AT

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE

AT

ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE.

$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

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N. B.—All communications should be addressed to

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Office of The New York Saturday Press,

No. 9 SPRUCE STRETE, NEW YORK.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

LAMIA.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

"Go on your way, and let me pass.
You stop a wild despair.
I would that I were turned to brass
Like that grim dragon there,

II.

"Which, couchant by the groined gate,
In weather foul or fair,
Looks down serenely desolate
And nothing does but stare!

III.

"What care I for the burgeoned year.
The sad leaf or the gay?
Let Launcelot and Guinevere
Their falcons fly this day.

IV.

"'Twill be as royal sport, pardie,
As falconers have tried
At Astolat—but let me be!
I would that I had died.

V.

"I met a woman in the glade:
Her hair was soft and brown,
And long bent silken lashes weighed
Her ivory eyelids down.

VI.

"I kissed her hand, I called her blest,
I held her true and fair—
She turned to shadow on my breast,
And melted in the air.

VII.

"And lo! about me, fold on fold,
A golden serpent hung—
An eye of jet, a skin of gold,
A garnet for a tongue!

VIII.

"O let the patted falcons fly
Right merry in the sun;
But let me be! for I shall die
Before the year is done."

RUSKIN ON MONEY-GETTING.

Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant, largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days.

They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the Middle Ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings.

Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce.

Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty, and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principal of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth.

He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death:" adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but justice delivers from death."

Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth.

If we read, instead of 'lying tongue,' 'lying label, title, pretense, or advertisement,' we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business.

The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business.

We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold.

We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us.

Our crowning success at threescore and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.

Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want." And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."

This 'robbing the poor because he is poor,' is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labor or property at a reduced price.

The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practised by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."

They 'have met:' more literally, have stood in each other's way *(obviaverunt)*. That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting face to face of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of streams to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds: "God is their maker."

But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive: it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave; in blackness of thunderstroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft and shapeable into love-syllables from far away.

And which of these it shall be, depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces and live; light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the 'sun of justice,'* of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with 'healing' (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope, will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men, through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice.

But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears: so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just;† and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber to be granted to them—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not partial, but a perfect, image.

The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required; that where demand is, supply must follow.

He farther declares that this course of demand and supply cannot be forbidden by human laws.

Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing, depends upon man's labor and administrating intelligence. For centuries after centuries great districts of the world, rich in soil and favored in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; not only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field, would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work famine.

In like manner this wealth 'goes where it is required.' No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it: but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom;‡ or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own 'science.' He calls it, shortly, the 'science of getting rich.' But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich.

Poisoning people of large estates was one employed largely in the Middle Ages; adulteration of food of people of small estates is one employed largely now.

The ancient and honorable Highland method of black-mail; the more modern and less honorable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation—which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius—all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the science *par excellence* of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character.

I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means *his* science to be the science of 'getting rich by legal or just means.'

In this definition is the word 'just' or 'legal' finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just.

If, therefore, we leave at last only the word 'just' in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically we must grow rich justly; and, therefore, know what is just; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in the air of heaven, and gazing forever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it are represented by Dante as stars forming in heaven forever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race as the light of the body, which is the eye; while the souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, 'healing in its wings') trace also in light the inscription in heaven: 'DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.' 'Ye who judge the earth, give' (not, observe, merely love, but) 'diligent love to justice': the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference to all things else. Which judging or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men;§ a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be 'saints' (*i. e.*, to helpful or healing functions); and 'chosen to be kings' (*i. e.*, to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretences of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which 'makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them.'‖

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

* More accurately, Sun of Justness; but, instead of the harsh word 'Justness,' the old English 'Righteousness' being commonly employed, has by getting confused with 'godliness,' or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word 'righteousness' properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from 'equity,' which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's justice; and Equity, Judge's justice; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore, the double question, 'Man, who made me a ruler—δικαστής—or a divider—μεριστής—over you?'). Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have, from lego—lex, legal, loi, and loyal; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from rego—rex, regal, roi, and royal.

† In another place written with the same meaning, 'Just, and having salvation.'

‡ 'Length of days in her right hand; in her left, riches and honor.'

§ I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I did not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyer. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term 'pastor' including all teachers, and the generic term 'lawyer' including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

‖ It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity to live by those of right.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

THE SECRET OF THE ASPEN.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

A cloud hangs over the morning
This drear Autumnal day,
And the robins that sang on the Aspen
Have shiver'd, and flown away.

The Aspen itself is leafless,
Save the topmost spray; but there,
Two last wither'd leaves are trembling,
Though there is not a breath of air.

A weird old tree is that Aspen:—
A low-voiced wizard—a seer—
In whose solemn, quaint unquiet
A secret of life is clear.

Through the fever'd flush of Summer,—
When the stillness is zenith-deep,
And within the slumbering forests
The winds have nestled to sleep;—

That Aspen alone is restless,
And trembles, in fitful starts,
Like the guilty, when memory's poignard
Pricks the canker in their hearts:

And, to-day, those two leaves, lonely
And sere, on its topmost spray,
Seem like two souls, fluttering faintly
To pass from their shrunken clay;—

Two souls that in life's fair Spring-tide
Climbed nearest its golden zone,—
To wither thus in life's Autumn
On its bleakest summit—alone!

Yes, a weird old tree is that Aspen!
A low-voiced wizard—a seer!
And he who will sit in its shadow,
[illegible]

Through its solemn, quaint unquiet,
A wondrous whisper comes,
Like the murmur of bees in clover,
Or an echo of far-off drums:—

And he who lists, when the shadows
Are creeping, like ghosts, from the West,
May hear:—"Since the doom of Adam
The soul's one curse is unrest."

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

FROM PEORIA.

SUNDAY, Oct. 21, 1860.

Mr. Editor: I fear you will have rather a dull letter to-day, for my spirits are not at the highest pitch. This Autumn weather affects the tone of the mind. These fading leaves, this sad, shrill wind, this melancholy sky, weigh on the heart like a presage of doom. But, in the spirit of Mrs. Chick, I mean to 'make an effort,' and throw off despondency.

I have been at church twice to-day, and listened to two excellent sermons from the best of ministers. Poor man! how I pity him and many another of his class. It is a pleasant sight, for a feeling mind, to behold a man of culture, refinement, and ability, settled among a people utterly incapable of appreciating him, and continually demanding for the paltry sum they offer him, something more brilliant and talented. Pleasant to watch him going on, month by month, just able by the strictest management to obtain the bare necessaries of life, and then at the end of a year or two be ignominiously dismissed, and sent out into the world to try his fortune again—having been previously given to understand that he is not considered 'smart' enough for the place! I can tell you, Sodom and Gomorrah will rise up in judgment one day against those upstart country churches that so 'stone those that are sent unto them.' But I believe the wrongs of the ministry are not exactly in your line, and I will forbear.

What shall I tell you of our journey home? The boat was dingy and dismal as of yore; I sat on deck as long as the atmosphere permitted, and then retired to the woful depths of the ladies' cabin, and rested my weariness by leaning half an hour against the wall, till I could capture a stray chair. Then I drew nigh to the marble table and the glittering chandelier, and addressed myself to the perusal of tracts intended for 'the drunkard' and the 'gamester!' Cheerful literature, this, for a dull October evening! But fate had mercy, and sent me consolation in the shape of three females of different ages, also seated around the marble.

What a blessing that we women have tongues, and are not averse to using them!

Our partie carrée presently became animated and social. We talked of the Prince whom we had seen, and the firemen's parade which we missed, of the *Great Eastern*, of crochet cotton and where it could be bought at the cheapest rate, of fashions, friendships, etc., etc. At an early hour we parted and saw each other no more. Shall we ever meet again? At least I owe them gratitude for rendering tolerable that most forlorn and comfortless of earth's deserts—a steamboat cabin.

Patronize the Delavan when you breakfast in Albany. They take half an hour to bring what you order; they give you lamb-chops when you say veal-cutlets; and half the things in the bill of fare are missing; but the tablecloths and napkins are delightfully clean, the rolls are light, the silver bright (never mind the rhyme), and all is served with a neatness that makes one feel at home. And, crowning charm, the coffee is absolutely drinkable! Not strong enough to upset weak nerves, assuredly, but absolutely free from all unpleasant flavor, and not suggesting in the most remote degree roast beans or burned potato-skins.

Albany may be a very beautiful city; but to rather verdant travellers, who roam about its muddy streets of a chill October morning, with an ever-present idea in their minds that the train leaves at half-past nine, and that it would be just their luck to miss it, the place does not appear interesting. Such rustic specimens are glad to make their way to the depot forty minutes before the appointed time, and seat themselves in an empty car, patiently awaiting their departure.

The writer's companion informs her, that in this vast affair, the Central Road, are invested forty-four millions of dollars!! Her feeble mind strives to grasp and comprehend a fact so interesting, and full fifteen minutes are spent in profitable meditation thereon; and presently the whistle begins to sound, the steam to puff, the bells to ring, the cars to clank and rumble, and away we go.

The hills just out of Albany are perfectly gorgeous; indeed it may be said that the scene is worthy of the artist's pencil. We look and admire; we 'refresh' at St. Johnsville, on an interesting fossil of the genus to which Dr. Holmes makes loving allusion, under the name of 'Meat-pie.' It lies in the system like chunks of lead, inducing headache and general apathy toward all mundane concerns, till the train stops at the —— station, our friends meet us, and we roll away through the bright stillness of the Autumn afternoon, toward home.

Going home! Do you know anything about it? The eager faces watching for you—the rush to the gate as you drive up—the children hanging round your waist, and all the grown people kissing you at once—every one so glad to see you again. Then unpacking the trunks, and getting out the presents.

The children are wild with delight; the elders manifest a sober pleasure; but now comes the trial moment! In an evil hour you purchased, for that confiding sister at your elbow, a bonnet, which you know she will not like. You can't tell how you came to do it; you had looked till you were tired, each article you saw suiting you less than the one before it; and somehow, by some strange, inexplicable fate, before you knew it, almost, the money was paid and the bonnet bought! That fact accomplished, neither prayers nor tears avail. Unlucky chapeau! It has lain heavy on your soul for many a day and night, driven sleep from your pillow, robbed your cheek of its lustre, and your eye of its bloom. And now the so-dreaded moment has arrived. All the family is gathered round the hat-box, to look at Nelly's bonnet—her bonnet from New York—Nelly herself, flushed with joyous anticipation, draws it forth. O bliss! can you believe your eyes? She is actually pleased, and thanks you for it, and says you have done better for her than she would have done for herself. What a weight is lifted from your mind, and how thoroughly you enjoy the tea which has been made ready for the exhausted traveller.

The meal over you begin a fragmentary record of your adventures—you get out the SATURDAY PRESSES, the *Knickerbockers*, etc., which generous publishers have bestowed upon you—you describe Mr. ——, Mr. ——, and the Messrs. ——, those stars in the firmament of literature. You exhibit your own new dresses and gloves and ribbons, and talk so fast that your cheeks fairly burn with excitement.

The next day you walk through the quiet streets [illegible] dress as it sweeps among the yellow leaves, and [illegible] how much pleasanter this is than Broadway. You go about the house and are delighted to find that Fall cleaning is through with; you survey with satisfaction that long line of sweetmeat and pickle-jars that has accumulated during your absence. And you feel that you have enjoyed yourself more in one half day at home than in all the weeks you were away.

As it is Sunday my mind naturally reverts to serious subjects. We have no Episcopal church here, and I shall miss that service which I like so much—a sort of compromise between Presbyterian boldness and prosaicness, and the tawdriness of Rome. Yet there is one thing I could never listen to with any patience, the prayer in which 'we most humbly beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless the President of these United States.' I always feel like saying 'you may skip that.' It seems so entirely a matter of form to me, and is so regarded, one would judge, in the quarter to which it is addressed, seeing how very limited are the results of the petition. A sense of the fitness of things would banish it from the liturgy; but such a sense is rare. The world is full of incongruities, some of them amusing enough. All of us have seen people laugh at funerals, and I was once at a wedding where a couple of young ladies being asked to favor the company with a little music, performed a most awful ditty entitled 'The Night of the Grave!' each verse ending with something about 'the cold, silent night of the grave!' Exhilarating for the married pair. One of my acquaintances was at Niagara awhile since, and on her return I asked her how she liked the Falls? Was she disappointed in them? O no—they came quite up to her expectations—she wa'n't *turned round* a mite—there was folks that when they went to the Falls they couldn't tell East from West—but she wa'n't turned round a mite. Nor did any further inquisition extract from her a more romantic expression of opinion. Again, a 'circus' is quite an event in the country, and not long ago we had one here. A friend of mine, a most estimable young lady, was exceedingly anxious to go; but it unfortunately happened that the lecture preparatory to Communion was held on the same afternoon, and the young lady was a church-member. Her only anxiety was that the lecture should be out in time to allow her to go over and witness the performances, and she was greatly astonished when her father suggested that if he were in her place he would give up one or the other; he would not pretend to dictate which. Under the head of a non-sense of propriety may be classed the habit of those ministers who speak with such off-hand familiarity of 'John' and 'Paul,' as if they were the coachman and waiter, and perhaps in this very epistle you will observe examples in point.

NEVROS.

— The following authentic letter of tender proposal which we take from the Memoirs of Mrs. Judson, may prove of interest to those of our readers who are curious in such matters, and be more or less valuable as a suggestion to the writers who aim at picturing the course of true love:

Jan. 20, 1846.

I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's life-time (not then aware of the secret), and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last.

Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that 'love has taught us to guess at,' I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such a note. Should you cease to 'guess' and toss back the article, saying, 'Your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, but brings not its wearer with it'—O first dash it in pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of

Your devoted, A. JUDSON.

MISS EMILY CHUBBUCK.

— We desire to call the attention of every lover of true poetry to an exquisite threnody by Mr. Fitz-James O'Brien, which we copy, this week, from the November number of *Harper's Monthly*.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

TO THE BRIGADIER.

Ahem!
General M——,
I see you've polished off another—gem:
Yes, gem 's the word,—a brilliant bit for Bonner.
It seems like paste. Upon my honor
I think Bohème is winning; you're a gorn-er
Unless you throw off something brighter.
You may be 'Affec[ta]tions' potent master,'
But, Brigadier, you make a sorry fighter.
'Criticaster'
Somehow suggests a word like Poetaster.
That's awkward, for, 'as those who look may see,'
If only judged by this last 'fruit,' your 'tree'
'Is ascertained beyond dispute,' no poetree.
For all such 'fruits of mind,'
I think you'll find
But very few 'to larceny inclined.'

Excuse me if I call attention
To quatrain last, where your intention
Seems not expressed quite clearly;—
Perhaps some change like this would give it nearly:

I heed them not, but louder blow
My praise through my own horn;
It may seem fame when all Bohème
Has to oblivion gorn.

'Gorn' and 'horn' are somewhat more defensible
Than 'gone' and 'hawn' would be: we better err
With more than less; besides, the letter 'r'
In words like 'born' seems rather indispensable.

Now, Brigadier,—
I'm quite sincere
In what I tell you—it is clear
Your shams have had their day. Bohème the victory
Must win. Suppose you write your valedictory
To all verse-grinding. If you like, I'll furnish it,—
A little rough perhaps, but you can burnish it

THE VERSE-GRINDER TO HIS MACHINE.

O, Machine! farewell to you; sadly
The parting word falls from my tongue.
I confess to you, longer and gladly,
I would to your handle have clung;
But I think, from your working so badly
That something internal has 'sprung.'

I must own I've no reason to grumble
Because you've neglected to grind,
For the feet in your hopper that tumble,
All run out in verses behind;—
My complaint is, they hear in your rumble,
The clank of the crank that I wind.

[From the London Saturday Review, Oct. 6.]

A TRANSCENDENTAL TAILOR.

We have long been aware of the perfection to which the Americans have brought advertising. Englishmen may admire their own Moses so long as they remain in Europe, but they must cross the Atlantic if they would behold the highest triumphs of the art of puffing. 'The President of Fashion,' Mr. George P. Fox, of New York, does this sort of thing in a style which ought to teach Moses and Sons humility. The 'Philosophy of Modern Dress' is not indeed a poem, nor does it appear that Mr. Fox's extensive and admirably organised establishment contains a poet. But perhaps elegant prose is more likely to command general attention. And, besides, Mr. Fox treats his subject in a more enlightened spirit than the firm of Moses. According to [illegible] that dress with education makes the gentleman. 'The air of good Society cannot be given except by education, aided by the artistic hand of a genuine tailor.' Thoughtful men will be attracted to an 'institution,' as Mr. Fox calls it, which puts forward its claims thus moderately, while they will see through the fallacy of the bolder statement that a dress suit from Moses and Sons at £5 5s. will at once turn the purchaser into a gentleman. With education, and 'such an outfit as emanates from the popular emporium' of Mr. Fox, you are promised 'a delightful sense of social security,' and you feel that such a promise may be relied on. You are, perhaps, a little astounded to hear of an 'outfit emanating' from an emporium; but if you are, that is a proof that your education has been neglected, and therefore, if your social success should be incomplete, you will know that the fault is in yourself, and not in the 'artistic hand' which made your clothes. And, even if you cannot at once scale the highest pinnacle of fashion, there is still much to be gained by putting yourself under Mr. Fox's care. 'No civilized man is apt to commit a crime in a good suit of clothes.' Here is a security against roguery offered in an unexpected quarter. It has often been asked—What is to be done to check the course of enormous commercial frauds? How can a board of directors trust its secretary or manager, whom it is powerless to control? The answer is—By requiring him to be fashionably dressed. We sometimes hear a demand for a Government inspection of joint-stock banks. Let us rather employ the Surveyor of the Board of Trade to inspect the garments of the cashiers. 'Arrayed in a fine and elegant costume, with the consummate polish of appearance which it is equally the duty and the pride of the conscientious artist to impart, a man feels his responsibilities as a citizen, is inspired with the love of order, becomes refined and elevated in his tastes, is filled with respect for law, decorum, and propriety, and finds in his own character a guarantee against temptation.' Surely this is as convincing as it is eloquent. Do we need Mr. Fox's further assurance that no customer of his has ever been convicted of a crime? He gently complains in another place that men sometimes speak inconsiderately of tailors. We are sure that men of sense will henceforth speak of them with profound respect, and will promote them to the honor and authority which is their due. For let us only consider what a first-rate tailor might have done for us in the Russian war. Instead of numerous officers ineffectually inspecting gun-boats, we should have had a single officer examining the make and fit of the contractors' clothes. If the Gun-boat Committee had read Mr. Fox's pamphlet, they would have closed their Report with a piece of practical advice—that all builders and workmen engaged on contract-built ships should be arrayed in fine and elegant costumes, so that they might find in their own characters, as influenced by the coats upon their backs, a sufficient safeguard against the temptation to defraud an ignorant and careless Board of Admiralty.

Such are some of the arguments in support of Mr. Fox's claims to the confidence of the fashionable world. Let us now see how those arguments are strengthened by authority. The letters which Mr. Fox has received from eminent men about the make and material of their clothes are printed as an appendix to his pamphlet. In the van of this army of exquisites marches the celebrated Daniel Webster, who, 'as he was the most able of Constitutionalists, was also one of the best-dressed of gentlemen.' He left special directions for his burial in clothes which Mr. Fox made for him. Thus—

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries—

saying, 'Buy your clothes of Mr. Fox.' A New York paper told the world that 'Those who bent over his coffin recognised that mighty form, robed in the same vest and the same blue dress-coat, with the velvet collar and gold-wove cloth buttons,' &c.; and we learn from an affidavit of Mr. Fox, duly sworn, and having a piece of blue cloth annexed, that the pantaloons of black cassimere emanated from the same emporium. There is also a note of Mr. Webster desiring to have his 'K'haban' on a particular morning; and another, stating that it is 'the most comfortable and easy-fitting Summer garment he had ever worn.' Mr. Webster's secretary assures Mr. Fox that the great Statesman actually dictated these words; and the same personage also vouches for the fact that 'he was interred in his best blue coat,' being the identical one which the newspaper above quoted calls 'this same chaste, but nobly made, blue dress-coat.' We are thankful to the secretary for this statement from an impartial witness, because, on a point of such importance, we could scarcely feel satified either with the unsupported affidavit of Mr. Fox, or with a newspaper paragraph the style of which suggests a suspicion that it may have emanated from the emporium in Broadway. On the whole of the evidence, we do not feel any doubt that Mr. Webster was really buried 'in the said suit of clothes as above set forth.'

With a noble generosity, Mr. Fox sends presents of cloth to distinguished citizens, and then offers to make it up into garments gratis. We understand that Mr. Fox finds his reward in the proud consciousness that he has helped to make a new President and his Ministers look like gentlemen. Mr. Filmore would have been happy to avail himself of one of these kind offers, 'but the truth is, I have found it more difficult to procure a perfectly fitting pair of pantaloons than any other garment,' and, therefore, he cannot venture to send a pattern. We can fancy how Mr. Fox hereupon gently patronized the President, and taught him not to be ashamed of his own legs in his own drawing-room. Ambition too often ends in disappointment, but ex-President Filmore carried with him into his retirement that peace of mind and ease of movement which were derived from the consciousness of being well-dressed. Another President, General Pierce, was treated with even more attention. Mr. Fox measured and fitted him by the eye, and his secretary wrote that 'the garments were all admirably adapted to the figure,' and that the President appreciated the generosity of the gift. We may say that we appreciate it also, although not exactly at the figure which Mr. Fox would like. We cannot help thinking of how Sam Slick sold clocks, when we read, under date of the next year, that 'the President's coachman and footman are in need of box-coats for Summer.' They are to have pocket-flaps 'to give the coat a distinctive character as a box-coat,' and Mr. Fox may also send pants of the same material. We learn from other letters, that the Hon. S. A. Douglas paid his bill; that Commodore Perry preferred English lace on his coat and pantaloons; that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate found that his clothes 'fitted with all the ease of an old suit, while they exhibited all the polish of a new,' and that a lady had said that the same clothes were 'neatly beautiful;' that it would have been convenient to the Hon. Edward Everett to receive at a particular time the garments he had ordered of Mr. Fox; that Sir. H. L. Bulwer would have liked to suggest a few small alterations in his trousers; that Sir John F. Crampton paid his bill, and also that of Mr. Bulwer Lytton, 'the son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,' and desired to have receipts; and that Madlle. Jenny Lind wanted a gentleman's morning-wrapper. It also appears that Mr. Fox presented 'a superb suit of black cloth clothes' to Father Mathew, and 'a very handsome and costly gift' to T. F. Meagher, who presented him in return with a copy of his speeches; but whether or not the paper on which they were printed was large enough to cut up into patterns we are left in doubt.

A Washington paper states that at a levée 'Mr. Fox's style made quite an impression on our fashionables.' In another sense of the word, Mr. Fox's style has made quite an impression on ourselves. There was an interchange of salutations on the occasion between the President of the States, Mr. Filmore, and the President of Fashion, Mr. Fox, who were the two lions of the day. We should think that Mr. Filmore, conscious of ill-fitting pants, must have been a very tame lion under the all-judging eye of Mr. Fox. But it rather appears that this levée was held after the President's wardrobe had been remodelled; and Mr. Fox probably came there to gaze with quiet pleasure at his own good work, and to behold, in Mr. Filmore's blue coat, fancy vest, and black cassimere pantaloons, one more triumph of that great career in which 'he has adorned the Doric simplicity of American principles by the inimitable grace and elegance of an appropriate Democratic costume.' We own with humiliation that Mr. Moses has never proposed to himself an aim so noble, nor stated it in language so majestic; nor has his mind grasped that principle on which Mr. Fox insists strongly—that 'a ready-made garment is, according to the laws of good taste, an impossibility.' We are inclined to think that 'a free ticket to the best places of society' emanates only from the emporium in Broadway.

— Madame Jenny d'Hericourt recently published a book entitled 'La Femme Affranchie' (Woman Made Free), which, for want of a publisher in Paris, she had printed in Brussels. The work is intended by the author to be a 'refutation of the coarse indecency of Proudhon, and of the perfumed pruriency of Michelet, and the other false friends and would-be-champions of woman.

The work was however interdicted in France, and warning given that all copies found would be seized. Madame d'Hericourt called upon the 'Minister of these sorts of affairs' and wanted to know the reason why. She was told that the reason for such proceeding was never given. Not content with this, she wrote to Napoleon III., enclosing a copy of the work, and called his attention to the fact that a book by a French author could be suppressed in France without any reason being given for it, and without any chance being offered to the author to clear himself of the implied charge of immorality. Immediately upon the reception of the letter, the Emperor withdrew the interdiction. The work is apparently one of merit, and if the following judgment of it, which we take from the London *Critic*, is correct, it would be as useful to this country, in a translation, as it can be to France in the original:

The work is calculated to do an immense service to French society at the present time—just when the literature of the country is on the verge of decay from the rottenness which is eating to its very core. 'La Femme Affranchie' points out the remedy to the social cancer which has gnawed away the vital principle of domestic life in France, and caused that antagonism between the sexes which foreigners behold with the most profound amazement. Madame d'Hericourt's bold and nervous arguments completely destroy the brutal commonplaces of Proudhon as regards the moral and intellectual capacity of women. She takes him on his own ground, and to his medical propositions returns medical objections of far greater weight and power, being more competent to judge the question, as she has passed examinations as 'Maitresse sage femme' of 'La Clinique,' and received her diploma as medical practitioner many years ago.

— Mr. Rossiter is painting a picture of the Prince of Wales with Mr. Buchanan visiting the tomb of Washington. This effort will probably be the culmination of Mr. Rossiter's style of sensation-painting. If it is, or for that matter if it is not, we will have to count as one of the evil effects of the Prince's journey, the fact that Mr. Rossiter has painted about it.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending October 27, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

ART.

Analysis of the Cartoons of Raphael. 12 mo. pp. 141. New York: Charles B. Norton.

Descriptive Catalogue of 'Old Masters.' Collected by James J. Jarves, to illustrate the History of Painting from A. D. 1200 to the best periods of Italian Art, and Deposited in the Institute of Fine Arts, 625 Broadway, New York. 8vo. paper. pp. 64. Cambridge: H. O. Houghton & Co.

POETRY.

Wa-wa-wanda. A Legend of Old Orange. 12mo. pp. 190. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

FICTION.

A Christmas Dream. By James T. Brady. Illustrated by Edward S. Hall. pp. 35. New York: printed by C. A. Alvord; for sale by D. Appleton & Co.

Rosemary, or Life and Death. By J. Vincent Huntington, author of Lady Alice, The Forests, etc. Illustrated by Geo. G. White. 12mo. pp. 522. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

LEGAL.

United States Digest. Volume XIX. Containing a Digest of the Decisions of the Courts of Common Law, Equity, and Admiralty in the United States and in England. By George S. Hale and H. Farnam Smith, being the Annual Digest for 1859. Royal 8vo. $5. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of the Railroads and Canals of the United States. By Henry V. Poor. 8vo. 2 vols. Volume I. pp. 606. New York: John H. Schultz & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By Dr. Cumming, author of the Great Tribulation, etc., etc. First Series. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

FICTION.

The King of the Mountains. By Edmund About. Translated from the French by Mary L. Booth. Edited, and with an Introduction, by Epes Sargent. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

MEDICAL.

Chemistry in its Relation to Physiology and Medicine. By George E. Day, M.A. Cant., M.D.F.R. Professor of Medicine in the University of St. Andrews. New York: Baillière Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, NEW YORK.

American and European Railway Practice in the Economical Generation of Steam, including the Materials and Construction of Coal-burning Boilers, Combustion, the Variable Blast, Vaporization, Circulation, Super-heating, Supplying and Heating Feed-water, etc., and the Adaptation of Wood and Coke-burning Engines to Coal Burning; and in Permanent Way, including Road-bed, Sleepers, Rails, Joint Fastenings, Street Railways, etc., by Alexander L. Holley, B.P. With seventy-seven engraved plates, by J. Bien.

A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery, compiled for the use of the Cadets of the United States Military Academy. By J. G. Benton, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A., and Instructor of Ordnance and Science of Gunnery, U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

BALLIERE BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Gesner's Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Coal and Petroleum Oils.

Morel's Manual of Human Histiology; translated with Notes and Additions, by W. N. Van Buren, M.D.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Faithful Forever: a New Poem. By Coventry Patmore.

The Autobiography of Rev. Alexander Carlyle, late Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Times.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, October 27, 1860.

Descriptive Catalogue of 'Old Masters.' Collected by James J. Jarves, to illustrate the History of Painting from A. D. 1200 to the best periods of Italian Art, and deposited in the Institute of Fine Arts, 625 Broadway, New York. 8vo. paper. pp. 64. Cambridge: H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside Press. 1860.

Wa-wa-wanda. A Legend of Old Orange. 12mo. pp. 190. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

A Christmas Dream. By James T. Brady. Illustrated by Edward J. Hall. pp. 35. New York: printed by C. A. Alvord; for sale by D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Prince's Ball: a Humorous and Satirical Poem. By E. C. Stedman, author of The Diamond Wedding. 1 vol. 12mo. tinted paper. Illustrated by Stephens. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Analysis of the Cartoons of Raphael. 12mo. pp. 141. New York: C. B. Norton. 1860.

Eighth Annual Report of the New York Young Men's Christian Association. Presented May 7, 1860, with the Treasurer's Report and other Documents. Pamphlet. pp. 36. New York: Published by the Association. 1860.

Rosemary, or Life and Death. By J. Vincent Huntington, author of Lady Alice, The Forest, etc. Illustrated by Geo. G. White. 12mo. pp. 522. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1860.

Music.

I Know a Pair of Hazel Eyes. Words by Chas. J. Sprague. Music by G. Stigelli. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Dixie's Land with Brilliant Variations. By Charles Grobe. The same.

Second Military Polka (the Fifers of the Guard), as played by the 7th Regiment National Guard Band. Composed by J. Ascher. The same.

Sweet Evening Hour. Quartette. Poetry by Henry Lee. Music by S. Laurence. The same.

Skyrockets. A Quickstep, as played by the 7th Regiment National Guard Band and Drum Corps. Arranged by G. S. Grafulla. The same.

Special Notices.

Mr. J. W. Ehninger

Has prepared a studio, adjoining his own, for the express accommodation of lady pupils in drawing, and is now ready to receive applications, by letter or otherwise, for a limited number; the class or classes to commence on the 1st of November next.

NEW YORK, 62 Lafayette Place, October 13, 1860.

GO TO PFAFF'S!—At Pfaff's Restaurant and Lager Bier Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Viands, the best Lager Bier, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Wines and Liquors, the best Havana Cigars,—in fine, the best of everything, *at Moderate Prices.*

N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the best German, French Italian, English, and American papers.

Gouraud's Library of Romance.—No. V.

THE SKIPPER'S YARN.—*Continued.*

"The brig being thus snug, the hands were piped down to supper, I myself remaining on deck to watch for any change in the aspect of things. The wind had completely died away, and it was uncertain from what quarter it would come; my mate, Mr. Blowhard, stoutly asserting that we should have it out of the North, while I myself inclined to the opinion that it would be a Sou'-wester—and I was right; for about eight bells, a small white cloud appeared in that quarter, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but momentarily increasing in size. Slight puffs of wind now began to be felt at intervals bellying the sails; and soon a roaring, more mighty than ten thousand Niagaras, warned us that the hurricane was upon us! My little *Dart* sustained the shock nobly, though it threw her for a space on her beam-ends; gallantly the sweet craft rose at length—shook the spray from her deck as an untamed steed would shake the night-dews from his mane—and away she sprang over the boiling billows! It was indeed a terrific night, and I never spent one of more anxious watchfulness—with the rain pouring down as if 'the windows of heaven were opened'—the thunder crashing fearfully above us—the vivid and continuous flashing of the lightning—the shrieking of the wind through the cordage—and the surface of the ocean worked up into a lather as white and creamy as that produced by GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap!*"

(*To be Continued.*)

The renown of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for purifying the skin from all diseases, and for Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Pimples, Sunburn, etc., etc., is as wide-spread as civilization itself. It beautifies the skin in an astonishing degree, and can be used in *hard* or *salt* water. GOURAUD'S POUDRES SUBTILES will infallibly eradicate superfluous human hair! GOURAUD'S HAIR DYE will positively color red, light, or gray hair black or brown! "There are none so deaf as those who *won't hear*" that GOURAUD'S ACOUSTIC DROPS will infallibly cure the most inveterate cases of Deafness.

Found at **Dr. Felix Gouraud's** old Established Depot, 67 Walker street; HAYES, Brooklyn; CALLENDER, Philadelphia; BATES, 129 Washington street, Boston, etc.

At Gimbrede's—Card Engraving, Printing, and colored Initial stamping, in artistically executed. See the New Style of Square Wedding Card, Envelopes, and Note Paper.

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At Gimbrede's,—the square paper and square envelope, a decided hit, can be procured only at Gimbrede's. Also, see the fashionable square invitation card and square wedding envelope.

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Broadway.

A BOOK EXPOSING THE FALLACIES OF PHYSIOLOGISTS and the unsuccessful treatment of Physicians in special diseases, at first local, but by neglect and improper treatment prostrating the nervous system, and leaving both mind and body a total wreck. Fortieth Edition; 400 pages; 100 illustrations. By M. LARMONT (Paris, London, and New York), Physician and Surgeon, No. 647 Broadway, up stairs, New York. Mailed for $1, by LAWRENCE, No. 1 Vesey street, Astor House.

"We concur with the other papers in recommending Dr. Larmont and his work."—*Courier des Etats Unis, Gazette des Enfants, Dispatch, Staats Zeitung, National Democrat, &c.*

Johnston Brothers' New Photographic Gallery,

567 BROADWAY, near Eighteenth street.

ALL STYLES OF PICTURES AT REDUCED PRICES.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

A GUSH FROM BRADY.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of this city, have for sale a little book called 'A Christmas Dream.' Its author is the Hon. James T. Brady. We have been much edified in its perusal.

The Hon. Mr. Brady is a lawyer. In that capacity he has, we are given to understand, delighted such of his countrymen as have enjoyed the felicity of being chosen on petit-juries. So much for the exercise of the head. But the Hon. Mr. Brady, like Barnaby in the play, 'though a lawyer, is also a man.' Accordingly it is very natural that the Hon. Mr. Brady should essay to delight his countrymen by the exercise of the heart. Having conquered judgment, he hastens to the conquest of sensibility. It is a moving spectacle.

It was facetiously remarked by the late Mr. Horace Smith, that 'absence of mind is the universal characteristic of genius.' If this be true—and we incline to think it is—the Hon. Mr. Brady's 'Christmas Dream' may fairly be pronounced a work of genius, since it displays to such splendid advantage that 'universal characteristic.'

We are instructed by the Dedication, that the 'Christmas Dream' was written 'some fourteen years ago.' From this statement the logical reader is enabled to draw the gratifying inference that, like other works of genius, it possesses the elements of immortality. Perhaps, also, this fact may account for the overwhelming pathos of the work; for, like Mr. Halleck's Fanny, the Hon. Mr. Brady was 'younger once than he is now'—and consequently, more addicted to 'the melting mood.'

Such being its character, perhaps we do not hazard the truth in remarking that the 'Christmas Dream' will possess considerable interest for a variety of readers. To the philanthropist it will be agreeable, as expressive of that kindly sympathy with the poor, which is alike popular and inexpensive. It will also serve to convince him that the Hon. Mr. Brady is a sublime soul and a gushing creature. To the student of character it will suggest interesting pictures of the barefooted beggar, the soiled vagabond, and the respectable though stony-hearted gentleman who has no bowels of compassion. To the romantic and fanciful dreamer it will present a delicious portrait of that senile person, with a taste for letters, and a spirit of reminiscence, who is denominated the 'Passing Year.' To the moralist it will afford some choice bits of that congenial morality which is so cheap in the manufacture and so dear in the market; while to the sentimentalist it will give occasion for those soothing tears which it is always so easy and so pretty to shed. And finally to the critic [illegible] it may serve as yet another illustration of what stupidity is capable. Perhaps, also, it may suggest the reflection that, as lawyers are not necessarily literary men by virtue of being lawyers—though in general they imagine themselves to be so—it is a great pity that any member of that chaste and splendid profession should make himself ridiculous in trying to become an author.

THE PRINCE AT HARVARD.

The Prince has been to Cambridge, and we are more sorry than glad to find that our suggestions have been followed by the President and Faculty in the ceremonies of his reception.

To be bored with President Felton's facetiousness, to be orated at by Mr. Everett, to be instructed in bibliography and the art of cataloguing by Mr. Sibley, to be surrounded by the rare specimens of provincial greatness in which Boston and Cambridge are so rich, must have been an exceedingly unpleasant day's work for a young man, himself a student, who desired particularly to see the life of the students in an American College.

Here let us vindicate the good taste of the young men in Harvard.

They proposed, under the direction of the Faculty, to entertain the Prince.

Their plan was to bring him out upon the river in a small steamboat, which was to be accompanied by the College boat-clubs. On his arrival he was to be treated to a breakfast, then to a dance in Harvard Hall, in which the students should take part and young ladies should be present, young ladies such as any young man whether a prince or not would like to dance with. Then he was to be made an honorary member of some of the College societies, and initiated into their secrets, and the day was to finish with receptions in the students' rooms, so that the Prince should be able to see, what he expressed a desire to see, student-life in America.

This order of ceremonies, though the students offered to pay all expenses out of their own pockets, was set aside.

And no wonder.

Where would be Mr. Felton's antique and decrepid jokes, where Mr. Everett's sonorous platitudes and oratorical positions, where Mr. Sibley's rotund stolidity, where the chance for various provincial magnates to swell and swagger in the presence of royalty with a sense of their own importance, if these young men had been allowed to assume the direction of things?

Why in such a case the Prince might have thought that Harvard College was an institution for the education of youth, instead of for the display of funkyism in age, and it would have been wrong to allow him to go away with such a mistaken impression.

And beside, what would become of respect for age, and reverence for a long life of pretentious incompetency, if they did not maintain their position by continually thrusting themselves before the public?

Was it not so during the entire journey of the Prince?

Did not each city produce its inevitable persons, its old beaus and its portly belles, its eminent citizens, its distinguished persons, its sonorous windbags, its pretentious respectability, its uneasy seekers for notoriety, its vulgar and ill-bred flunkies, its Turveydrops with their magnificent deportment, its learned in etiquette, its savans in the proprieties of conventionalism, its Bunsbys of all sorts?

Was not the Prince bored with these so that he was delighted to catch an hour's freedom from them, even though he went to Barnum's Museum for it?

How could any one expect that in Mr. Everett's own home, in the very focus of solemn pretention, the Prince should be allowed to appear as a young man, and enjoy himself as such among young men and women?

Princes do not come over here every day.

The chance to swell in the sunshine of genuine royalty is not offered every day to the social fungi, and so of course they must make the best of it when providence sends them the opportunity.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN.*

What a work a moral history of women [illegible]!

The exigencies of the case have not however been fully met by Mr. Legouvé.

He has produced a thoroughly Frenchy book, [illegible] Frenchy sentiment, which, as it is not [illegible] translated, will not, in this English dress, do him even the credit he deserves.

The book wants completeness.

Mr. Legouvé congratulates himself upon standing about midway between the extremes of ultra radicalism and ultra conservatism.

Though such a position is generally that of mediocrity, it is not so with Mr. Legouvé.

His book is a good one, and cannot but have a good effect.

He has not produced a 'lukewarm' mixture, which because it is 'neither cold nor hot' should be treated in strict accordance with the letter of Solomon's [illegible] to all such mixtures.

That his work, however, is not a moral history of women, arises from the fact that it is impossible in the present state of the world to write such a book.

The sex must be freed from the restraints which man has always put upon it, before it will be able to live a moral life and leave the records from which alone its moral history could be compiled.

As the world is now, for man to write the moral history of woman, reminds us of the gentleman in the fable who drew his illustrations of the natural inferiority of the liony character, from the image one of his own race had made.

That when all such restraints are removed, woman will need no vindication of her equally divine creation with man, but will be fully able to clear herself from all charges of weakness and folly which short-sighted and weak-minded men are apt to bring against her, the great women of the world who have already, despite the difficulties of convention, proved their capacity in government, in art, in science, in literature, in diplomacy in finance, and even in war, have fully shown.

There are two somewhat important lessons which the men who interest themselves in what they call the reform of woman's position, should learn. The first is, that women are women. Or, as it has perhaps been better said,

> "That woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse."

To grant this freedom of development to natures different and perhaps antagonistic to his own, is the rarest quality to be met in the professed reformer, that singular and irrepressible product of our modern civilization.

The second lesson is one whose usefulness is not limited to any class of men, but which they all can learn and apply with profit to themselves in their relations with each other as well as with women.

It is to be just, as well as generous.

It is to become gentlemen.

It is never to be domestic tyrants.

It is to apply the golden rule to all the relations of domestic life.

That there is need for reform in this respect among men, is made perfectly apparent to every observer who has had a chance to see behind the curtain which conceals the privacy of home.

Until men in this matter are more perfect, they are hardly competent to speak with authority concerning the moral life of women, or to offer suggestions for its improvement.

But in truth, any development of the womanly nature must come from woman herself. And in this work the chief lesson for woman to learn is, that in whatever she does she herself must bear the responsibility of her actions; and that even in our present conventional society, all paths are open to her if she asserts and maintains her right to walk in them alone.

Perhaps there are no more difficulties in her way, than those the envious, the shallow-minded, the selfish, and the designing, who go so largely to make up [illegible] place in the way of every honest and truthful human being, whether man or woman, who attempts to live an honest and a truthful life.

Not until both women and men come to know the freedom that there is in truth, and to apply that knowledge to their daily lives, can either sex conceive their true destiny, or the wisdom that created men to be men, and women to be women.

Until such knowledge becomes general, all books like Mr. Legouvé's are valuable.

They serve to keep alive that interest and discussion of the subject, from which alone, in this, as in all other branches of thought applied to life, any progress can either be hoped for or secured.

CHARLES LAMB'S WORKS.†

It was a matter of delighted surprise to Lamb, during his life, that he had so many appreciating readers in this country, so that this publication of his works here will doubtless prove a good venture.

Of the mechanical execution of these four volumes nothing commendatory need be said. They will carry their own commendation with them.

We wish, however, that some changes had been made in their contents.

An edition of Lamb should be perfect.

There should be the same scrupulous attention to its details, and the same loving care to its minutiæ which Lamb himself bestowed upon his literary work.

We miss an accurate and full index to the letters, for without this no work of a miscellaneous character is perfect.

Then we wish that the original form of Talfourd's Memoir, and his arrangement of Lamb's letters, had not been so exactly reproduced.

Of course from the fragmentary manner in which these were originally published, Talfourd's memorials are not connected or complete, but are fragmentary and want compactness and finish.

Lamb's letters should have been re-edited, and rearranged.

If it had been possible to find an editor who had an appreciation of Lamb's character, who could recognize his moral greatness, who reverenced him as a hero, who loved him as a man, who respected him as an author, and who at the same time had the rare faculty of expressing these feelings; an editor who could lose himself in his subject, and, without intruding his editorship upon us, give us Lamb's real character, and allow us to form our own opinion of it uninfluenced by suggestion, and unannoyed by comment, he should have been engaged to perform this office for Lamb's Memoirs.

Of course the difficulty is to find such an editor.

Perhaps to suggest the task of finding him among the class of persons who, at present, assume to themselves the monopoly of such work, either in this country or England, is as out of place as it would be to suggest in the desert of Sahara, the application of Mrs. Glasse's first rule for the preparation of a turtle soup.

Beside, unless such an editor could be found, it is better that Talfourd's memorials should remain intact.

In them and Hood's Recollections the materials can be found, whenever the editor fit for the task shall appear.

Meanwhile it is no small or unfit subject for congratulation, that we can read these volumes without being made painfully aware of the intrusive presence of some one of the biographical showmen, who are always so numerous, and so eager to display their offensive incapacity.

Though Talfourd was unable to fully appreciate the man whom he was so fortunate as to call his friend, it is well for us that Lamb's remains were intrusted to him for preparation.

He is not a Cunningham, a Prior, a Malone, a Gaskill, a Sparks, nor an Everett.

Lamb during his lifetime found a few, though only a few friends, who could understand his character, and since his death has not been more unfortunate.

Perhaps every man who during his lifetime finds a single real friend has reason to congratulate himself upon his good fortune.

Certainly every man whose memory has suffered so little from injudicious friends, can, if hereafter he interests himself about so trivial a matter as his memory among men, congratulate himself.

Amid the host of undeserving pretenders in literature who puff themselves into notoriety while living, or are puffed into an ephemeral reputation when dead, it is pleasant to recall the memory of a man so modest and so deserving, so retiring and so heroic, so unselfish and so generous, so honest, so conscientious, and so careful.

Perhaps the great value of such a life is the lesson it teaches, that the best way to obtain reverence and love is to be deserving of them, that the best way to obtain the respect of men when we are dead is to respect ourselves while living, that the best way to guard the reputation we shall leave is to disregard what men may think of us while alive, that to live truly and honestly, to develop our own characters, to be what we are, and not to try to seem what we are not, is the problem we have to work out in this life, and that then we can be happy here, and careless of what men shall say of us hereafter.

FIGURE HEADS.

In reviewing the condition of American Literature it is curious to observe what are called the 'representative men.' We mean those persons, everywhere lying loosely about who rejoice in what are described as 'established literary reputations.'

These are Figure Heads.

The class comprises many persons. Generally they are senile. They 'purge thick amber and plum-tree gum.' In the capacity, or rather the incapacity, of Authorship, they persistently intrude upon the attention of the public. They assert themselves at every point; they encourage and fortify each other; they swell and twaddle in a pompous unison, and they are, by some inexplicable hallucination, accepted as Great Men.

In all departments of life there are Figure Heads. In government, in education, in religion, in literature, in art, in science, in all the forms and methods of society, these persons occur, displaying everywhere identical characteristics. They are invariably charlatans, pretentious, bombastic, and absurd. Just now we notice them as they appear in Literature.

It is scarcely necessary in this place to particularise the characteristics of the literary Figure Head. The type of character is so common in this country, and in many ways so steadily paraded for popular applause, that every thoughtful observer must long ago have become familiar and disgusted with it. Nor is it necessary to suggest illustrations. To all intelligent readers they will occur naturally and in painful abundance.

But our marvel is how these creatures manage to engross—even for a little while—the respect and admiration of so many people.

Either hypocrisy must be very powerful in our social life, or ignorance must be very prevalent.

If the Figure Heads were ever what they pretend to be, the case would be different.

If they represented any manhood,—any nobility of character,—any sincerity of purpose,—any wisdom,—any great idea,—any hope whatever for mankind,—anything, in fact, except a void and contemptible pretence of genius, intellect, and virtue,—then perhaps the popular deference to their Great Names might be explained.

As it is, we are astonished at the phenomenon.

Of this, however, we feel sure: that such creatures can never for any long time retain either reputation or influence. The wonder is that they are able to flourish at all.

No attentive reader of the SATURDAY PRESS can have failed to observe that we do not habitually gush in behalf of [illegible] Heads. Perhaps also he has surmised the reason.

When a disposition naturally gushing and tender becomes acrid and satirical, there is usually some reason for it.

The provincial papers think it arises from beer and pipes—which is very brilliant on the part of the provincial papers.

Cruel country editors! Why, if we only had any feelings to be hurt, it does seem as if those people would hurt them.

But the truth is, we don't believe in Figure Heads. They are, as Mr. A. Ward remarks, 'cimbells.' They mean nothing. They are not interesting; and if there is anything delightful in life, it is the making sport of these Provincial Great Men,—these orators, sages, apostles, verse-grinders, pulpiteers, philanthropists, and egregious muffs generally,—who, scattered throughout this country in various directions, are perpetually making themselves ridiculous, and demanding to be admired for it.

And this, we assert, is not only a legitimate, but an absolutely essential method of advocating the interests of true literature.

It is this which enables us, with honest enthusiasm, to honor literary excellence wherever it occurs.

To the great authors in our literature,—to such men as Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman, Emerson, and Hawthorne,—to all those writers who are earnest and real,—it is always delightful to do justice in the largest sense.

But to honor the Figure Heads is to insult genius. With these we can only be amused. To expose their follies, to record their little ridiculous performances, to show them no sort of respect, to laugh at them on all occasions,—this is on the one hand to rebuke imposing charlatanism wherever it appears, and on the other hand to demand that vital integrity of which there is so much necessity in the literature and the life of America.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY.*

The republication by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Walton's Lives, affords a fit opportunity for a few remarks upon the art of writing biography. With such mournful examples before us of the disuse into which the art has fallen, as are afforded by the hasty and slovenly memoirs of Miss Brönte, Sidney Smith, Thomas Hood, Rufus Choate, Ary Scheffer, and many others whose Lives have recently offered a chance for speculation to the biographical showmen, or for an intrusive display of incompetency to judicious friends, it cannot be amiss for the modern world of readers to turn their attention to such a fine specimen of old English Literature as is contained in this volume.

From the offensive display of vanity and egotism which is generally the distinguishing characteristic of the biographical showman's work, it is most pleasant to turn to the modest excellence of old Walton, and his well considered and careful pictures of the Lives of the quaint and learned Donne, the poetic Herbert, the witty and courtly Wotton, the loyal Hooker, and the patient Sanderson.

It was well that a 'contemplative man' should have found his occupation in recording for the world these simple evidences of the virtues of those who 'were honorable men in their generations.'

It is the simplicity of narrative and the modest singleness and sincerity of purpose which makes Walton's Lives a classic. In the literature of biography they are the representatives of simplicity and brevity, as Boswell's Life of Johnson is of minuteness and volume.

In celebrating the heroic as displayed in the quiet seclusion of domestic life, Walton holds the same place which Plutarch assumes by his praises of the heroic, as displayed amid the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.'

We rise from reading his biographies with the feeling that we have been gathering an earnest man's conception of a sincere man's character.

This is particularly so in the Lives of his friends Donne and Wotton.

Walton aims, while giving succinctly the principal facts in the lives of his heroes, to produce upon his readers the same impression of their characters as the men themselves would have produced upon those who learned to know them, either from themselves, or from the testimony of their friends.

It is this singleness of purpose which makes his Lives so charming to the lovers of literature, and so valuable to students of the art of writing biography.

His work is done as carefully and as concisely as possible.

There is never any straining after effects, nor any slovenliness in the arrangement of his material.

The subject of his biographies stands out before the reader as he lived amid the daily circumstances of his life; as he influenced and was influenced by the times in which he lived.

From this last merit of Walton's Lives, they have a great value as historical pictures of the times of which they treat, of the clash of religious opinions during the first half of the seventeenth century, of the rebellious desire for freedom of thought which gave rise to puritanism, and eventually to religious freedom in this country, and of the reluctant conservatism which made even so genial and thoughtful a man as Walton bitter, and illiberal against the new lights in religion.

How many biographical showmen can hope to have their works acquire such value, even for the next generation? By fastening themselves upon some dead man's fame, for the purpose of displaying their own claims to respect and remembrance, they gain only the contempt of the present, and, let us hope, will secure only the ridicule of posterity.

Characters as pure and heroic as those which Walton has handed down to posterity, are not wanting in the present age.

Our modern life is perhaps, from its more varied activity and more widely diffused knowledge, more fruitful than that of any other time in men, the truthful story of whose lives and characters would be valuable additions to literature.

It is, as in the cases we have cited, a want of careful study of the art of biography in those who lightly attempt to practice it, that is wanting among our modern professors of literature.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

The white cravat is a great motive-engine in the erection of the modern novel. So is the inhuman and uncertain relative. But the suspicious damsel soars like an eagle above them all, in utility and stupidity.

Most people have been acquainted from their childhood with the heroine who responds to the hero in the white cravat.

When I was a child, my grandfather related to me a story. He had himself perused it, in the days when he doted on the sweet sport of hookey and his knees were perennially black and blue. It was the same narrative that continually soaks its mildewed way through the modern printing-press.

A maiden has parts, or, in human language, talents. Of course, she is beautiful and proud, and though rich, virtuous. The maiden is ambitious. The maiden's fingers are stained with ink. The maiden refuses to aid her aunt in pickling pineapples. Woe is me! from that hour her doom is sealed. The mandate has gone forth: Whosoever will not pickle pineapples, let her die—no, live the life.

Then the maiden writes a book. The book sells, is successful. She gets rich. Friends flock around her. By this time, the undiscerning and stupefied reader supposes the maiden—still a maiden,—to be quite happy, if not distinctly jolly. All at once vinegar is showered into his porridge. The maiden—still a maiden—is not happy; she is only virtuous, and virtue is [illegible]. In fact, she is a blighted, lorn, and lacerated maiden. There is a blister, not to say a canker, in her heart.

She wakes one damp and soggy morning, and rapidly finds out that she has neither five children, nor an infant at the breast. Her mind wanders in the mazes of possible measles and croups, and she weeps with wild regret.

She is going to the Winter Garden that night to see the famous Cushman. Alas! that there is no stern and solemn creature, with spectacles prancing on indignant nose, and dressing-gown flapping about outraged heels, to cry, 'Woman, forbear! go not, to the amusement of sin. Ignorant, weak, unworthy being, follow your marster to church.'

O that she had a devoted husband, to abuse, to insult, to degrade her.

O! what a heavenly thing to have a stern husband, to be herself an invalid, to have just two—gracious heaven I ask not much, I am but a woman—chronic diseases.

She flies from the metropolis; she seeks a sylvan retreat. She makes all the children in the village sick with gifts of candies, that she may be a woman indeed by nursing them. She goes daily for a month to the nearest hospital to awe and torment the hapless invalids, until the head-nurse declares that she will not stand it any longer.

Five years afterwards you stumble on a strange cottage. A subdued creature in a canton-flannel gown, with lean hands, and freckled lips, comes to the door. You recognise in her the formerly brilliant but wretched author of 'Rhododendron,' now the happy wife of the Rev. Arthur Mopp. You enter, there are five cradles before the humble hearth. There is also the Rev. Mopp. You are introduced to him,—to Mopp. O! the dear, delightful, exemplary, bigoted, long-visaged, dull, drawling, dolesome, diabolically dreary creature! Happy author of 'Rhododendron,' to be bonded to him in wedlock!

Next comes the cruel aunt or uncle. Of course the lambly heroine, who is an angel of the tea-cup school, is persecuted,—wickedly, unnecessarily, and ridiculously persecuted. Of course, the main cause is money, and of course she scorns and tramples upon money.

She is a human spaniel, and the more she is kicked the better she loves the foot that spurns her.

After awhile she inherits all the property. Then she bestows it in a complete and shining lump upon her cruel persecutors. For herself she needs but little, and that little she earns from a mill. Three and sixpence a day would have supported her luxuriously, if she had not been in the habit of giving four and ninepence diurnally to beggars. The consequence was, she could not purchase any real estate in the village. Just as she is about to perish of inanition, she marries a comfortable fellow with a long-tailed coat.

Last comes the sovereign of all modern novel plot-creators—the suspicious, the miraculously suspicious damsel. She it is that causes the printing-press to be a valuable investment, that brings paper up to a premium in the market.

Let us presume that she is a noble, intelligent, pure, and generous female creature. She is engaged to an equally excellent male creature. His devotion to her has been unbounded. For her he has given up champaign and soda, turned his back on pumps, flouted an heiress with a couple of hundred thousand pounds to her dowry, and quarrelled with his papa, who is a commanding Major General in the army.

This generous and confiding heroine has a cousin, a coquettish and handsome cousin. She remarks that the hero sometimes helps her to gravy when he dines with them. She doesn't like it. She proceeds after the reflection to spend the day in tears.

One fine afternoon she is going down to the village to match a skein of silk. She is walking along, not in such abject misery as might have been expected, considering the gravy, when she hears a voice. O! heaven, 'tis her cousin's, and another voice, O! heaven and earth, 'tis her lover's.

First voice: "Do you know where the dandelions grow?"

Second voice. "Dandelions require the sun to perfect them, they seldom flourish in the mud."

The tortured listener presses her hand on her heart to keep from screaming.

First voice: "What are you looking at and laughing at?"

Second voice: "I am looking into this ditch and watching the funny little pollywogs."

The heroine is now fit for Bedlam, but she does not betray her despair. She leaves that spot, leaves the perjured lover, and the shameless cousin.

That evening when the former calls, he is informed that she is gone to Smyrna. All his presents and letters are left for him in a carpet-bag.

Then come 978 and a half pages of tears, and howling, and lamentations. 490 pages go to the heroine's grief, 488 pages to the lover's woe. On the 979th page they meet. She is older and graver, and has lost her top-hair; he is sadder and wiser, and the pollywog has become a burden to him.

He entreats her to speak to him, she becomes dumb; to look at him, she becomes blind; to hear him, she becomes deaf.

Suddenly in some miraculous manner she learns that he was gathering dandelions, not for the coquettish cousin, but to make a plaster for old Susan, who dwelt below the hill. Old Susan who had nursed him, saved his father's life, preserved his mother from seduction, and taught their cook the only genuine method of making flap-jacks.

All is understood, the clouds clear off—the blue sky shines.

The heroine's heart of marble softens, her breast of ice melts. They sink in each other's arms.

You are glad to think they are going to be always happy and comfortable, but at the same time, you cannet help reflecting seriously that if the word flap-jacks had been breathed three volumes ago, nine hundred and seventy-eight pages must have vanished before its magic mystery.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

X.

A countryman or farmer approached me politely in the streets of Cambridge, and saying that he heard I was a Russian, remarked that his son, who was with him, a pupil in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, wished to have a look at a Russian.

Fortunately it was Summer, and I did not present too bearish an appearance. I took off my blue spectacles and willingly stood the inspection.

The boy walked round me two or three times; studied my person in detail as well as he could, and then taking out a small slate commenced to write.

I was curious to see the result of his survey, and found he had written: 'Saw a Russian. Russians one-eyed.'

I embraced the boy, told him that he must not take pars pro toto and misinform his friends in the Asylum, since Russians have generally two eyes and belong to the sharp-sighted nations.

We parted good friends, and the father invited me to visit his family and look at his farm.

The festivities and ceremonies of Commencement and Alumni days, the orations and dinners incident upon these occasions, were all new and interesting to me. Some of them recalled my youthful days, when I too was examined, when I declaimed, graduated, and was ambitious to win collegiate or academic laurels.

Why did I not stop there? To compete for laurels in Revolutions or in the battles of life, withers the heart and crushes the mind.

But no regrets, no regrets.

After all, the past cannot be undone, and I am not sure whether, with all my experience, I would not again follow the same course.

Beside an oration and a species of poem, a pretended American Legend was read at the Alumni festival.

The words Anglo Saxon resounded in the verses of the poem as they did in the numerous speeches made at the dinner. This was done, likely enough, to honor the presence of two 'fellows' from Cambridge, England.

Finally, however, one of them rose, and, among other things, said that he was much astonished at hearing so much about the Anglo Saxons: that in England they knew only Englishmen, the English mind and character, English daring, etc.

I was well pleased at this 'sortie,' particularly as before, in my conversations with the professors of the University, I had often tried to point out how unscientific and unhistorical, and therefore baseless was this reference to the Anglo Saxons for all the qualities of which Americans are justly proud.

This Anglo Saxon mania is however now so wide spread, and has so permeated all superficial thought, that it will stand the attacks of real knowledge, as do the equinoctial storms, the lune rousse in France, and many similar deeply-rooted beliefs which are nevertheless perfect fallacies.

Perhaps some future investigator will be as puzzled to explain the American Anglo Saxonism, as at present the most accomplished classical scholars, philologists, historians, and ethnologists, are to find out why the Romans spoke of the people who called themselves Rasenes as Etrusci or Tusci, or why they surnamed the Helleni of Thucidides Graeci.

Another dinner to the memory of the deceased Alumni was more interesting for its speeches, than for its stirring but not agreeably flavored dishes.

About this time Jenny Lind threw the population, the press, and the pulpits of America into a fever of ecstacy. I had heard her in Europe, had witnessed the enthusiasm in some German cities, and had met her in the crowd of some salons, where I had occasion to observe her naively cold deportment upon the stage and in society.

At first I could not understand how, all at once, she became such a voltaic battery, able to electrify and shock millions into fits of ecstacy. But eventually it became clear to my mind that Barnum was the great generator of this power, and that Jenny Lind acted under his instructions.

By this means it was that Jenny's great talent was inflated by sanctimony and increased even by the use of ventriloquism.

The company arrived in Boston, and of course there was no limit to the feverish excitement round me.

I could scarcely believe my senses.

Jenny was worshipped as an angel, a saint, a new holy virgin, and this by old and young, by men and women, the white-cravated saints leading the van, while orators, professors, statesmen, poets, school-teachers, school-boys, and school-girls formed the rank and file of the believers.

During this excitement, I spent an evening at the house of one among the most eminent men of America, where of course Jenny was the topic of conversation.

"Count, you must think we are very ridiculous with all this running after Jenny Lind. In fact we deserve to be laughed at for it," he said to me half in disgust.

Next morning he ran into Boston, brought her out to Cambridge, served as her cicerone at the Observatory, and influenced the learned, serious but good-natured (at least he was always so to me) Professor Bond to call after the Prima Donna some erratic body which, at the moment when Jenny was peeping through the telescope, was supposed to be making an independent stride through the immensities.

At last I could stand it no longer, and in turn I ran to Boston, to the Revere House, and sent my card up to Barnum.

He received me very politely, and asked me if I wished to see HER?

I explained that I had seen and heard *her* in Europe, and that my visit was intended exclusively for him, as I wished to approach and become acquainted with a man capable of working such wonders.

Barnum's answer was, "I understand very well, sir, how you should desire to see me." Then came a shake of the hand and a polite offer on his part of a free ticket to a concert; an offer which was as politely refused, for, at that time, the sweets of dead-headism were altogether unknown to me. GUROWSKI.

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* The Moral History of Women, from the French of Ernest Legouvé. Translated from the Fifth Paris Edition. By J. W. Palmer, M.D. pp. 325. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

† The works of Charles Lamb, in four volumes. A new edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860.

* The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton. [illegible] Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Mr. Quelqu'un being engaged in rehearsing a muscular tragedy, in which all the parts are to be performed by himself upon all fours, and with the antics, bellowing, caterwauling, druling, exaggerating, fizzling, growling, howling, imbecile jawing, kelking, lathering, mumbling, neighing, ogling, panting, quaking, roaring, sputtering, thundering, ululating, vaunting, wailing, xylanding, yowling, zanying, which he himself has advised theatrical managers to introduce, and upon the success of which he has staked his reputation as a critic, has been unable to write his usual brilliant feuilleton for this issue.

VICTORIA.

The Queen of the Wizards has appeared before her subjects three times during the past week, at the French Theatre. The youths are enthusiastic. They 'stand sword in hand round the Queen.'

"It is the first time, for years," says the gallant *Tribune*, "that a lady has essayed in New York to play the devil, that is, we mean publicly to play this particular sort of devil. M'lle Victoria is successful, and indeed seems to have at her fingers' ends not only the standard, conventional, old-fashioned feats of legerdemain that are familiar to us all, but to have invented others, new, startling, and even mildly miraculous. The lady has a fine presence, personal beauty enough to drive jealous women mad with envy, and a self-possession which will doubtless become more assured on a second trial."

The youth of the *Times* is equally fervent: "To the 'natural magic' of a graceful person, bright eyes, and an eloquent smile, M'lle Victoria, the 'Queen of Black Arts,' unites all the skill in artificial witchcraft which Robert Houdin could communicate to an apt pupil. The programme of M'lle Victoria was full of the most agreeable tours de force, which were executed with a pretty ease, and received with hearty applause. She emptied cannon-balls out of hats, turned empty air into fragrant flowers and toothsome bon-bons, distributed flags, fans, and bouquets, and made herself generally demonological and entertaining. Her performances and herself are both well worth seeing."

THE JARVES COLLECTION.

The collection of pictures made by Mr. J. J. Jarves in Europe, is to be placed in Mr. Derby's 'Institute of the Fine Arts' in Broadway.

The collection contains pictures by Orgagua, (2) Fra Angelico, Massaccio, Mantega, Fra Barolomco, and others, including an early picture by Raphael, which will serve to give an accurate idea of the feeling and tendency of the true Raphaelite art. There are also pictures by Da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Rubens, etc. If Mr. Derby unites his Dusseldorf Collection with this, and then can get Mr. Bryan to remove his gallery from the poor accommodations it now has in the Cooper Institute, and place it under the same roof, he will have gathered together for his Institute a collection of pictures such as has never before been seen in this country. We hope that both for Mr. Derby's interest and that of the art-loving community, some such arrangement may be brought about.

HAVE WE A MICHAEL ANGELO AMONG US?

The following delectable item occurs in a pamphlet published in Boston, in reference to the dedication of a new building called 'Mechanics' Hall.' A Mr. John H. Thorndike, in an address delivered on that interesting occasion, gave vent to the following magnificent statement:

"There lived in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth "centuries, Michaël Angelo Buonarotti, whose genius "as architect, sculptor, and painter has never been ex-"celled. He was also somewhat gifted as a writer. "*I am aware that it may appear extravagant in me to assert "that Hammatt Billings, the modest, unassuming, industrious "gentleman, possesses in an eminent degree all this versatility "of talent, and should his life be spared till he arrive at the "age commonly allotted to man, and he be permitted in the "meantime to execute according to his own superior taste, his "own designs, he may prove to have been the Michael Angelo of "this age!*"

Is not this the very height of mutual-admiration snobbishness?

— Mr. Tom Taylor has recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, a Play which was announced as a 'new and original' drama. The London *Critic* in its critical capacity went to see the play, and during its representation was forcibly reminded of a little book published some four years ago by Mr. Edmund About, called 'Le Roi des Montagnes.' This reminiscence was perhaps strengthened by the title of the play, 'The Brigand and his Banker.' At any rate after seeing the play through, *The Critic* went home, and on a cool and unimpassioned comparison of a copy of the play with the work in question, arrived at the conclusion that not only the plot but also the dialogue of Mr. Taylor's 'new and original' drama were taken bodily from Mr. Edmond About. The proofs that such is the case can be found in the *Critic* for Oct. 6th. Mr. Tom Taylor will have to fall under the vengeful ire of the Brigadier as a 'noisy bird' to 'larceny inclined,' though probably this fate will not be as hurtful to Mr. Taylor as the General imagines it to be.

— The Hon. G. J. R. Gordon was, it appears, at the English chapel in Baden-Baden the same Sunday that Mr. Spurgeon was there, and when a Mr. Flower preached a discourse, in which he gave a 'clear and positive enunciation of Catholic doctrine upon the subject of baptismal regeneration.' This enunciation seems to have so annoyed Mr. Spurgeon that he so far forgot the proprieties of the place as to give an open expression to his natural vulgarity, by unseemly laughter and other signs of dissent. To such an extent did he go that Mr. Gordon expected every moment to see him rise and attempt to answer Mr. Flower, in which case Mr. Gordon and his friends were resolved and prepared to remove Mr. Spurgeon instantly and forcibly. These facts we gather from a letter written by Mr. Gordon to the *Union*.

— The Philadelphia *Press* in a notice of the late Rembrandt Peale gives utterance to the following sentence, which can with equal efficacy be applied to Mr. Everett:

Although Rembrandt Peale was not at all noted as a politician, yet by his brilliantly successful portrait of Washington, and the intense interest that he displayed in all that pertained to the great Father of his Country, he has secured to himself what will probably prove immortal fame.

— *The Churchman* for this week contains a magnificently sophomorical editorial upon the general subject of Church and State. They call it 'the character of Governments.' The general idea of the article is that the State can't be a State until it is a Church, that this country is not a country because it is not a theocracy, that a theocracy is not a theocracy unless it is the Episcopal Church, and that the Episcopal Church is not the Episcopal Church unless it is the *Churchman*. These evident truths it supports by the following convincing but superfluous arguments: That the great mistake made by the Church 'was the hasty and premature election of St. Matthias,' and that 'the accountability for the right ordering of society,' is 'in the Church.' It is perhaps sad to see so much disinterested devotion and sagacious learning thrown away, and yet we hope that the *Churchman* will continue to be the *Churchman*, that the world will continue to be the world, that this country will remain this country, and that men and women will be men and women to the end of time.

— The fearful truth of Jane Eyre is never made more evident than by looking over the English governess advertisements. Out of some hundred printed in one issue of the *Critic*, there is not one who asks a salary of more than fifty pounds, and some ask but fifteen. For such paltry sums there are evidently crowds of well-educated and talented women who are eagerly competing for engagements as governesses, and who, for the chance of a home and something to do, will gladly submit to the mortifications which are, in the great majority of cases, incident to that position of semi-servitude.

— Messrs. John H. Schultz & Co., No. 9 Spruce street, have just published a History of the Railroads and Canals of the United States, prepared with great care by Mr. Henry V. Poor, who has greater facilities for such a work than any other man in the country.

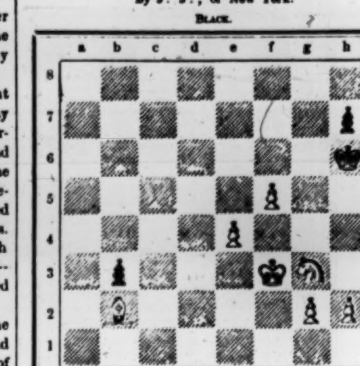
Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.

October 27, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 52.

By J. J., of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

— A typographical error having occurred in Problem No. 51, we defer the solution until next week. There should have been no Kt on e6.

— A game in which Mr. Theo. Lichtenhein gives Mr. J. A. Leonard the odds of Queen's Knight:

EVANS GAMBIT.

LICHTENHEIN.	LEONARD.		
1. e2—e4	e7—e5	15. Kt f3—e5:	d6—e5:
2. Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6	16. B b2—e5:	0—0
3. B f1—c4	B f8—c5	17. d5—d6	Kt e7—f5
4. b2—b4	B c5—b4:	18. K g1—h1	B b6—d4
5. c2—c3	B b4—c5	19. B e5—d4:	Kt f5—d4:
6. 0—0	d7—d6	20. Q c2—d3	Q d8—b4
7. d2—d4	e5—d4:	21. f2—f4	Kt d4—f5
8. c3—d4:	B c5—b6	22. R f1—f3	R f8—e8
9. B c1—b2	B c8—g4	23. R a1—f1	Q b4—f8
10. Q d1—a4	B g4—d7	24. R f1—d1	B d7—e6
11. Q a4—c2	b7—b6	25. B c4—d5	Kt f5—d6:
12. e4—e5	Kt g8—e7	26. g2—g4	B e6—d5:
13. e5—d6:	c7—d6:	27. Q d3—d5:	K g8—h8
14. d4—d5	Kt c6—e5	28. Q d5—d8	R e8—d8

And the first player resigns.

Checker-work.

The enterprising proprietors of that popular place of resort, the Morphy Chess Rooms, at the corner of Broadway and Fourth street, announce the commencement of a free tournament in which the first prize will be an imperial full-length Photograph of Morphy by Gurney, and the second a copy of Staunton's new volume, *Chess Praxis*. Among the contestants will probably be Loyd, Michaelis, Leonard, and other strong players. Messrs. Kappner and Klatsel are also gradually accumulating a Chess library for the accommodation of visitors to the Morphy Chess Rooms. We are requested to say that any players desirous of participating in the coming free tournament should enter their names at once.

— Several Chess works of considerable rarity were sold at the late auction of Mr. Burton's books. Among them were Middleton's comedy, *A Game at Chesse*, and Robert Gould's *Ludus Schacchia*. They were mostly secured by a prominent collector of this city.

— The admirable work on the origin and early history of the game by Dr. Duncan Forbes meets with an appreciatory reception at the hands of both the literary and the scacchic press.

— Two games were lately played at the Morphy Chess Rooms between Mr. James Thompson and Mr. J. A. Leonard. They were both scored by the latter gentleman. A game between Mr. S. Loyd and Mr. Leonard at about the same time was drawn. At the termination of a match, in which Mr. Leonard gave Mr. Brenzinger the odds of a Knight, the score stood Brenzinger seven, Leonard five. A game with Mr. Louis Paulsen, in which Mr. Leonard received the Queen's Knight, was won by Mr. Leonard.

— Stamma thus alludes to the frequency of consultation-games in the East in his day and their rarity in the West: "All the Orientals are infinitely fond of this game; it is the only one that the Mahometans think lawful; hence they play almost incessantly at it, whenever they have time so to do. It is therefore no wonder that they should come to be very skilful in it; and they certainly are superior to the Europeans whom I have seen play. What likewise contributes much towards their improvement is that they usually take croupiers, and play two against two: whereas here no player cares to be advised, or as they express it, that a stander-by should speak in the game, though it might be of use to him at that present time, and furnish him with observations for the future." *Croupier* is a French word signifying *partner*. In his regard for consultation-games and his knowledge of their utility, as in the matter of Chess notation, Stamma seems to have been far in advance of his age.

— The *Chess Monthly* for November will be published on Monday. Its contents include a sketch entitled *The Sin of the Nuns*, to which is attached a curious problem, several recent games by Mr. Morphy illustrated with notes by himself, and a variety of miscellaneous matter.

— The *Illustrated News* of London says that Mr. Kolisch is positively coming to this country. Trusting that the statement, notwithstanding the source from which it emanates, is reliable, we cordially congratulate the local Committee of Management of the next Congress upon the prospect of this probable enhancement of the interest attendant upon the coming gathering under their charge. And we urge it upon the attention of the players of New York to see that a warm reception is given to so distinguished a practitioner.

— In 1842 the "late President of a select Chess Club" published in London a work entitled "Chess exemplified in a concise and easy Notation," which fortunately reached no farther than "Part I." From it we copy the following: "Three united Pawns can only win under very peculiar circumstances, such as

d ed, i ed, f ef. Q ed.

Here one or two Queens may start up. But set *Q* where she can take the centre Pawn, and not one will show herself. Place them all on rank *i*, however, and *Q* on *et*, where she can take either; if the centre Pawn advance, there is but one square on the board where she can place herself to prevent a queening. And if, instead of the centre Pawn, one of the side Pawns advance, she should take the other. Try all." All this is about as intelligible as ARTESIANUS.

— Mr. Paulsen, the widely-known blindfold player, sailed on Thursday last for Europe. We wish him a large success among the masters of the old world, and trust that in all contests he will add to his already extended fame. He goes, by way of England, directly to his German fatherland, and will return to this country in the Spring, in time, we believe, to attend the Congress of 1861. The evening before his departure he played, at the Morphy Chess Rooms, four simultaneous blindfold games, winning three and drawing one.

— Mr. J. L. O'Sullivan, the late representative of the United States at the Court of Lisbon, has recently returned to America. In former years Mr. O'Sullivan was distinguished for the prominent rank he held in our Chess circles. That his generous interest in the game has lost nothing of its strength is shown by many lately published contests with noted French players. Mr. O'Sullivan, in a visit which he paid to the New York Chess Club, immediately after his arrival, was cordially welcomed by his old associates.

— A man who writes for the SATURDAY PRESS and is addicted to Caïssa's art, thus describes

THE FIRST CHESS-PLAYER.

I lie this Summer evening here
  In indolence elysian;
I breathe the drowsy atmosphere
  And see a golden vision—
I float upon the waves of time
  Back to heroic ages,
And hear primeval poets rhyme
  And talk with ancient sages.

The earth's great pulses healthful beat
  In glorious youthful vigor;
Its sons disdain the Summer's heat
  And love the Winter's rigor,
The life of life, untainted yet,
  Their every arm is nerving;
Their natures, rough as stones unset,
  Are truthful and unswerving.

Over Himalayan ranges
  The perfumed winds are blowing;
Past long lines of Indian granges
  The sacred stream is flowing.
Above towers up the pluméd tree,
  Around gay birds are sitting,
As on the Ganges' banks I see
  The first Chess-player sitting.

A form of strength and grace combined,
  A look of manly beauty,
A calm, serene yet active mind,
  With faith in love and duty,
And added to a fancy fine
  The wisdom of a stoic,
He seemed a hero-half-divine
  Among a race heroic.

He traced upon the shore-sands lines
  Of quaint and curious seeming,
And symbols, characters, and signs
  Of magic look and meaning.
Around him lay most wondrous things
  Like people in a fable,
Carvéd knights and sculptured kings
  And warriors white and sable.

After long search and earnest thought
  With spirit undejected,
The truth he sought, the scheme he wrought,
  Became at length perfected.
The magic art I seemed to see
  Upon the ancient river,
Through all the lengthening years shall be
  A thing of joy forever.

— The printer's devil (what such a satanic personage has to do in any Chess-printing establishment, except perhaps that of the *Evening Bulletin*, we cannot for the life of us imagine) involved us in last week in several linguistic and other absurdities. Mr. Cadogan Williams, the muscle-man, who wants to make a sort of prize-ring of the Chess-board under the happy auspices of the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, does not live in a sort of semi-Spanish *El Place*, but in *Ely Place*. All Frenchmen, except Satanic Gallic printers, say *japonaise*, not *japanaise*. In the third paragraph of *Artesiana* a period should be placed after the word *Augustan*, in the twentieth line, and in the twenty-first line from the end the word *all* should be *are*. Upon the diagram there was an extra knight, as we have stated in another place.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

We hasten to lay the following interesting correspondence before the Chess public, it being the first fruits of the Japanese embassy to this country:

I.

[Translated from the original Japanese.]

IMPERIAL PALACE, *Yeddo*, Oct. 1st.

ARTESIANUS, CHESS MASTER:

Illustrious Sir,—When my embassy visited the United States, two prize-fighters, attached according to our customs to the suite of the embassadors, visited the Philadelphia Chess Club, where their eyes were dazzled by the splendor of your talent for the game of games. Astonished at your marvellous gifts, they related their experience to the lacquies; the lacquies told the barbers; the barbers told the valets; the valets told the secretaries; the secretaries told the treasurer; the treasurer told the third embassador; the third embassador told the second embassador; the second embassador told the first embassador; the first embassador told my minister for foreign affairs; and from the minister of foreign affairs the surprising account has reached my august ears. Now, therefore, desirous of witnessing such incomprehensible excellence, and being forbidden by the laws of Japan to set my foot outside of the realm, I beg you to honor me with a visit. The warmest reception awaits you. Your sojourn shall be checkered by an infinite variety of pleasure; the best of game, including rooks, shall be served at your table; knights shall wait upon you; the finest castle in the empire shall be placed at your disposal; and in case of any disturbance you shall be provided with the best means of attack and defence.

I remain with sentiments of high consideration, yours,

THE TYCOON.

II.

[Translated from the original Artesianese.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29th, 1860.

My Dear Tycoon,—I couldn't possibly do it. The whole fabric of American Chess would fall to the ground at the first news of my departure. The Chess column in the *Evening Bulletin* would cease to exist, and the Chess editors of the SATURDAY PRESS would be reduced to abject despair. Ever yours,

ARTESIANUS.

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
  He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
  You honor your bravest that fall.

II.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
  He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
  For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

III.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
  Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
  Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

IV.

By your enemy tortured and goaded
  To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded,—
  He facing your guns with that smile.

V.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
  He yearned to your patriot bands,—
'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
  If not in your ranks, by your hands!

VI.

'Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
  A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
  This badge of the Austrian away.'

VII.

So thought he, so died he this morning.
  What then? many others have died.
Ay,—but easy for men to die scorning
  The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

VIII.

One tricolor floating above them;
  Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
  And blazon the brass with their names.

IX.

But he,—without witness or honor,
  Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,—
  Died faithful and passive; 'twas hard.

X.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
  Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
  His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

XI.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
  While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
  Have glory: let him have a tear.

A CAUTION TO GROCERS.

A grocer's apprentice, a fine young man of 25, named [illegible], who loved literature neither wisely nor well, lately hung himself in his master's house, in Paris. Upon his table amid a heap of books was found the following letter, the orthography of which was not on a par with the style:

'I am but a grocer, and shall never be anything else. I always think of that caricature representing a grocer standing on the threshold of his door, and making this reflection: "Born to be a man and condemned to become a grocer." He who thus judged our calling was in the right. For many years I have tried to improve my mind; I have read, and even copied out, books which I don't understand. All this muddles my head, and I find that I become more and more stupid every day. The longer I live the worse I shall be. Now, I remember to have read somewhere that a man should apply his intelligence to be useful to humanity, and as I see I shall never be fit for anything but to weigh cheese and dried plums, I have made up my mind to go to another world which I have heard of, and see whether there may not be a place for me there. I ask pardon of my brothers for speaking in this disparaging way of our common profession; but I defy them to point out a single instance of a grocer having ever made his way [illegible] position. There are plenty of manufacturers who have become deputies, and are decorated and [illegible] with all sorts of honors, but the like has never happened to a grocer. For these reasons I have determined to hang myself. I beg my parents to erect a simple tombstone to my memory, and to inscribe upon it these words: "Born to be a man; died a grocer."'

[From the New York Tribune, Oct. 22.]

SHAKESPERIAN LITERATURE.

If one may judge by the Burton library sale, the Bard of Avon stands nowhere in sight of a copper-skinned Tommy in the esteem of the wealth and intelligence of New York. On the occasion of that scandalous ball given to the aldermen and their rowdy friends, under pretence of entertaining Tommy and his fellows, more money was offered by a dozen of 'our first citizens' for tickets than would have saved the city from the shame of allowing all the scarce editions of Shakspeare sold on Saturday to go back to England. Not one of the original folios—not one of the very rare early editions of single plays—not even the Halliwell folio, now in progress—was deemed of the slightest importance. The mass of books up to Shakspeare had gone to keepers of stalls and second-hand shops, and it was hoped that at the climax some of our rich men would do something for the credit of the city; but they were not there—the seats held the same men who came to buy Tom Jones and the Wandering Jew; not one member of the theatrical profession appeared, not one liberal patron of letters, and the only parties interested beyond the making of a few cents on resale of their purchases, were a few sorrowful bibliomaniacs too poor to purchase Poor Richard's Almanac.

In the language of the discouraged auctioneer, "in view of the lavish outlay of thousands for a few hours' discomfort at the Prince's ball, this deliberate sacrifice of the best collection of the kind in America was most disgraceful." The earliest printed play in the sale was 'Pericles,' London, 1619: sold for $48; goes to London. 'King John,' 1622, $24; 'Henry IV.,' 1639, $18 25; 'Richard II.,' 1634, $25; another 'Henry IV.,' 1622, $28; 'Hamlet,' 1637, $14; 'Othello,' 1622, $8 25; 'As You Like It,' 1723, $8 37; 'Timon,' 1678, $5; Garrick's 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1770, $4 25, and so on, all for London. Of the doubtful plays, 'Sir John Oldcastle,' 1600, brought $15 50; 'Lancaster and York,' 1619, $14; 'Merry Devil of Edmonton,' 1617, $11; 'Faire Ina,' 1631, $10. The folio of 1623, printed by Jaggard & Blount, a fine copy, which cost Mr. Burton £82 14s., brought $375, and goes to London. The second folio, 1632, $127 50, same destination; third folio, 1660, partly reprint, $105, also for England; a folio of 1675, $65, for London. These were followed by about twenty editions, mostly English, varying from two to twelve volumes, and bringing an average of about $2 per volume, except Boydell's folio, a presentation copy, illustrated, and very splendidly got up, which reached $20 per volume. Boydell's large plates, superior impressions, brought 85 cents apiece.

Then came the jewel of the sale, Halliwell's folio. This work, now in progress, exhausts Shakespearian history, and presents everything of the least interest on the subject. As a monument of typographic art it has no equal. Ten volumes are out, and ten are to come, and only 150 copies are printed, the plates being thereafter destroyed. The whole work is paid for, the purchaser having to assume only charges for freights and duties. It was started at $200, and went up $5 and $2 50 at a bid until it reached $305, when it was knocked down to a London purchaser, who was prepared, if necessary, to go much higher. We presume it goes to Mr. Halliwell himself, as he was anxious to get it. Thus all the great editions go back to the place they came from, and where alone they can be procured. Twenty years hence Halliwell's edition will sell for $1,000.

— It is rumored that the Prince of Wales has agreed to write a description of his American tour for *The Ledger*, on condition that Mr. Bonner will pay off the National Debt of England ($4,000,000,000) within one year from the first of January next. The terms will probably be accepted.

— Signor Errani, late of the Academy of Music, was married on Wednesday evening, to Miss Charlotte McWatters, an artist recently of the Winter Garden, and former pupil of Miss Laura Keene. The bride is the eldest daughter of Officer McWatters. The wedding took place at the residence of Archbishop Hughes.

— The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems, now in the hands of Mr. Reed, of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany & Co. They are valued at 100,000 francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries, though at what time they were taken from the shell is unknown; the larger dealers on that coast often keeping fine gems for many years before they offer them for sale, acting possibly on the same principle as the connoisseur in art who clings to his pictures even though full value be offered. —*Harper's Monthly.*

— All the old theories seem fading away under the searching light of science and investigation. The old tradition that arsenic is a poison appears liable to the same fate. *The Westmoreland Gazette* gives an account of a stream called Whitbeck, which flows past a village of the same name in West Cumberland, and which contains arsenic in determinable quantities. The arsenic is derived from the veins of arsenical cobalt through which it percolates at its source. All the inhabitants of Whitbeck, except the ducks, use the water of this stream, and thrive upon it. The children are rosy, and the old people attain, in full possession of such faculties as they may have, a surprising old age, while to the women it gives a beauty and clearness of complexion only equalled by the sleekness and gloss of coat which the horses derive from its use. Finally perhaps we shall come to consider the giving of arsenic to obnoxious relatives or other persons, as a kind and considerate act instead of a heartless and cruel one.

— The sale of the late Mr. Burton's library has occupied all this week. The sales have not been as successful as was anticipated. Many of the most expensive works did not bring what they cost the late owner.

— Mr. George N. Sanders, who is perhaps more notorious for getting into difficulties than for getting out of them, has been attempting the very difficult job of defining his position and explaining his course with regard to Mr. Douglas, in a letter to the Charleston *Courier*. For those who are interested in the matter, his labors may prove satisfactory.

— The near approach of the Presidential election, gives the calm observers of events a rare chance to study the disinterested love of country which the politicians of all grades are ever on the watch to display.

— The *London Critic* gives currency to a rumor that Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Trollope intend to publish novels, in shilling numbers, and that the first number of a new work by Mr. Dickens will appear in January.

BOOKS, ETC.

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To Him that was Crucified.
To One Shortly To Die.
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To a President.
To Other Lands.
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To You.)
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HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription-price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

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From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The raciest and most independent of all the weeklies.

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It conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Hartford Courant.

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the choiceness of its miscellaneous matter, and, especially, for its complete weekly List of New Books and Books in Press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

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"Herein may be seen noble chivalrye, curtosye, humanitye, friendlynesse, love, friendshype, cowardyse, murder, hate, vertue, and synne. Doo after the good, and leve the evyl, and it shall brynge you to good fame and renowne."—*Sir Thomas Malory: Preface to Morte D'Arthur.*

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Ada Clare is one of the most brilliant female writers in America, and to those familiar with her contributions to THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, the name of the author alone will be a sufficient guarantee of the interest and power of the work.

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III.

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"Few deeds are equal to his words. His prose was a half-battle."—*Jean Paul Richter on Martin Luther.*

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This volume will contain some of the most salient passages to be found in Theodore Parker's Sermons, and also extracts from his famous portraitures of character, such as Channing, John Quincy Adams, General Taylor, Daniel Webster, Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, R. W. Emerson, Humboldt, etc., etc.

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Embracing the tributes to his memory by Emerson, Phillips, Garrison, J. F. Clark, W. E. Channing, May, Alger, Beecher, Frothingham, Conway, Higginson, Wheelock, Charles Sumner, G. W. Curtis, etc., etc., with a brief biographical sketch.

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[From Harper's Monthly Magazine for November.]

A Fallen Star.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

I.

I sauntered home across the Park,
And slowly smoked my last cigar;
The Summer-night was still and dark,
With not a single star.

And, conjured by I know not what,
A memory floated through my brain,
The vision of a friend forgot
And thought of now with pain.

A brilliant boy that once I knew,
In former happier days of old,
With sweet frank face, and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold.

Fresh-crowned with college victory,
The boast and idol of his class,
With heart as pure and warm and free
As sunshine on the grass.

A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong—
A laugh infectious in its glee—
A voice as beautiful as song,
When heard along the sea.

On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
As round an Autumn tree is wrought
The enchantment of the sun.

He loved me with a tender truth,
He clung to me as clings the vine,
And, like a brimming fount of youth,
His nature freshened mine.

Together hand in hand we walked—
We threaded pleasant country ways—
Or, couched beneath the limes, we talked
On sultry Summer days.

For me he drew aside the vail
Before his bashful heart that hung,
And told a sweet ingenuous tale
That trembled on his tongue.

He read me songs and amorous lays,
Where through each slender line a fire
Of love flashed lambently, as plays
The lightning through the wire.

A nobler maid he never knew
Than she he yearned to called his wife,
A fresher nature never grew
Along the shores of life.

Thus rearing diamond arches up
Whereon his future life to build,
He quaffed all day the golden cup
That youthful fancy filled.

Like fruit upon a Southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food,
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood.

And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird—

The first faint notes the poet's breast,
Ere yet his pinions warrant flight,
Will on the margin of the nest
Utter with strange delight.

Thus rich with promise was the boy,
When, swept abroad by circumstance,
We parted—he to live, enjoy,
And I to war with Chance.

II.

The air was rich with fumes of wine
When next we met. 'Twas at a feast,
And he, the boy I thought divine,
Was the unhallowed Priest.

There was the once familiar grace,
The old enchanting smile was there;
Still shone around his handsome face
The glory of his hair.

But the pure beauty that I knew
Had lowered through some ignoble task;
Apollo's head was peering through
A drunken bacchant's mask.

The smile, once honest as the day,
Now waked to words of grossest wit;
The eyes, so simply frank and gay,
With lawless fires were lit.

He was the idol of the board—
He led the careless, wanton throng—
The soul that once to heaven had soared
Now groveled in a song.

He wildly flung his wit away
In small retort, in verbal brawls,
And played with words as jugglers play
With hollow brazen balls.

But often when the laugh was loud,
And highest gleamed the circling bowl,
I saw what unseen passed the crowd—
The shadow on his soul.

And soon the enigma was unlocked;
The harrowing history I heard—
The sacred duties that he mocked,
The forfeiture of word.

And how he did his love a wrong—
His wild remorse—his mad career—
And now—Ah! hearken to that song,
And hark the answering cheer!

III.

Thus musing sadly on the law
That lets such brilliant meteors quench,
Down the dark path a form I saw
Uprising from a bench.

Ragged and pale, in strident tones
It asked for alms—I knew for what;
The tremor shivering through its bones
Was eloquent of the sot.

It begged, it prayed, it whined, it cried,
It followed with a shuffling tramp—
It would not, could not be denied,
I turned beneath a lamp.

It clutched the coins I gave and fled
With muttered words of horrid glee,
When, like the white returning dead,
A vision rose to me.

A nameless something in its air,
A sudden gesture as it moved—
'Twas he, the gay, the debonnaire!
'Twas he, the boy I loved!

And while along the lonesome Park
The eager drunkard sped afar,
I looked to heaven, and through the dark
I saw a falling star!

THE SIFFLEURS IN PARIS.

The late Parisian papers speak of a singular association which is organizing in that city under the significant title of the 'Blackbirds' Club.' It is actually composed of twenty young gentlemen, whose number may be increased to thirty, and who will distribute themselves, by bands of six, eight, or ten, to attend all the principal performances of the theatres in the French capital. Their aim is to restore the whistle in all its pristine prerogatives, and to crush the organisation of paid claqueurs who applaud so tremendously the artists whom they black-mail, and the pieces the authors of which are in their good graces. The blackbirds, who are all gentlemen of taste and very well posted up about dramatic literature, will go to the theatres at the club's expense, and scatter themselves in the house two by two, in order to whistle or applaud according to their individual spontaneous best judgment, and without the least semblance of a preconcerted plan. But they will whistle only at the end of acts, for fear of troubling the performance.

At the last meeting of the club, an important question was the order of the day. What kind of whistle would the blackbirds use? Some were for a screaking one; but the majority decided in favor of a mellow one, thinking that their right was to criticise, but without offering any kind of provocation. We think that the Parisian theatres, pestered with low stipended claqueurs, will be highly benefited by the new organization; and as for the artists and authors whose misfortune may be to hear the almost forgotten sound, they may at least comfort themselves with the thought that they have paid nothing for their whistles.

[From The Independent.]

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

Raphael and his School.—*Continued.*

Raphael was such a master of lines, that he may be said to have been the only man, of all the painters of his time, who knew both their intrinsic and comparative value in rendering whatsoever of nature could be expressed by them alone. And besides this wonderful sway which he had over them as means of imitating things in nature, he possessed a perfect, conscious knowledge of their abstract or geometrical value, which served as a ground-plan or key to his compositions of natural objects, and which he has elaborately illustrated by itself, in his scrolls and arabesques at the Vatican and other places—these designs being based upon a principle of contrasts and harmonies as demonstrable as any requirement in the strictest delineation of Nature. And it would seem as if through this practice he had acquired that skill to pass, by means of cunning transitions, from one extreme of lines to its opposite, or from a right-line through a right-angle to a circle, and from a circle to a serpentine, thus sweeping through all the possibilities of lines, until he could at a glance, as by intuition, make himself master of the abstract or geometrical character of whatever forms presented themselves before him in nature, so as to know how to continue those forms harmoniously by a repetition with a difference, through all possible variations. And besides, he had the taste to know when and how to break off one set of forms, and where to resume those of an entirely different order; in short, he was master of the scientific as well as the artistic, without both of which the taste of the artist is incomplete.

It would seem as though there were a demand in the human mind for an Exact, Immutable, on which it might base all uncertain or experimental operations, like the base of a triangle whose apex does not attain to, but only points straight up to, the remotest fixed star in God's universe.

The picture known as the Madonna della Seggida, in the Pitti Palace at Florence, has a world-wide fame, and is perhaps more known and more frequently repeated than any other picture of Raphael—or perhaps of any master whatsoever. And though the head of the Madonna is somewhat wanting in character, in its more minute features, yet her general action as a mother, expressive of affection, and the infant Saviour's childlike seeking toward her breast, make the picture most admirable in point of sentiment or feeling. Also, the childish interest of the little St. John cannot easily be overestimated. The drooping of the mother's head toward the infant—the very clasp of her hands around his dear body—the wrapping him in her motherly arms—down to the very raising her knees about him, as if to embrace and clasp him more completely—speak to every affectionate heart a language not to be misunderstood. And on the child's part is to be seen a return in kind, which is a full answer to the mother's love, in his nestling, struggling, seeking for the fountain of that natural nourishment by which his body lives—as though the painter had designed to express the very material relation of that Divine Child to the maternal source of all that was human in him in the sense of finite, in the most external manner, and by the most sensuous manifestations, even to the very touching together of his little feet, that they may feel each other. Thus may the work be pictorially considered. Again, to look at it geometrically, we observe it is not only a circular picture, but a circular composition within this outer circle, where the lines sweep around, and still around, bending and wrapping themselves all about the more central ones, as if to swathe and shield and protect, until we might almost forget which is the top and which the side or bottom of the picture, but for the perpendicular of the chair-post and the upright of the little emblematic cross pressed against the breast of the St. John;—these stop the whirl of the lines, and give stability to the otherwise unfixed composition. And as the right-lines suggested herein serve for a repose to the curving movement of the other lines, so do the two blank spaces, one behind the back of the Madonna and the other over the head of the Lord, serve for a rest to the eye in space.

Everything is so just, so full, so compact, so pressed together, so almost crowded, and yet not overcrowded, that one jot more, or one iota less, must have been less perfect.

Though the character of this circular composition is vertical or upright before the eye, yet I could fancy it drawn in charcoal, or some other easily-removed substance, and then a skilful wiping out of those particular lines which make visible the different natural objects of which the picture is composed, until all that remained, shorn of the imitative particularities drawn from the figures, should be the basis of a wreath or rosette or arabesque center-piece of great beauty and originality. It may be worthy of remark that the little elbow of the arm of the child Saviour is the centre around which the lines of this composition arrange themselves, as well as the point of action of the picture.

The cartoon of the 'Death of Ananias' give us another example of circular arrangement; but this, instead of being vertical, is a horizontal circular composition; and the circle is imagined to be seen from above or over the figures in what is called a birds-eye view, so that all of them stand upon it on the ground, or on a plane parallel to the ground, for in fact the Apostles are somewhat raised upon a platform above the level of the others. In this cartoon we may see how skilfully the figures are arranged to carry up and around that part of the supposed circle which goes off on either hand in perspective; and how the distorted, hateful figure of Ananias, prostrate on the ground in his death agony, is placed on the nearer part of said circle, that we may see the whole line of Apostles, over and beyond him, presiding in their newly-received power over this most terrible scene of their earlier history. Every line in this picture has been studied for variety or harmony, or to convey some known purpose of the story, and the very distortion of the figure of the dying man serves to make the ease, grace, or dignity of the other personages the more imposing. To fully appreciate this, one must stand at a point distant enough from the picture to grasp the whole, until all the parts seem to have been drawn from that one point, and from no other. And it is to be remembered that the circle on which the composition is based is supposed to be as long, seen across in its perspective, as the whole length of the picture, so that the spectator should see it at a distance at least of three times this length.

Let us now observe the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, with reference to its composition, though owing to the small size of the chapel it can never be seen at an appropriate distance, and if it could be, it would but reveal more clearly its want of all such consideration in the artist as we have already noticed in Raphael's designs. Here we find no diminution or increase of magnitude in the figures that could be referred to a weighing and determining beforehand of the whole as one; it is simply a great and high wall of figures on the same plane, save here and there a group detached and seen at a slight remove beyond the rest, with no evidence of a great general principle, such as we observe in Raphael, bringing the whole under the influence of a single point of view, which must by a fixed law of Nature modify and affect the whole to a unity of its parts, giving proof of that oneness of purpose which is essential to a true and completed work in any of the fine arts. But one characteristic is held in common by these two last-mentioned compositions by these greatest masters of the Southern school, viz: this, that they are of such a nature that the rudest etching or any little and least-prized engraving of them will serve to give a tolerable hint of their prominent features, and be made to illustrate to the observant eye the truth of these remarks. And there is no essential of all these features that may not be fully, amply, and satisfactorily rendered in and by an art that is not, and does not profess to be, any branch of painting—I mean by basso-relievo. This, as we have seen in the just-mentioned gates of the Baptistery at Florence, is capable of embodying all the drawing, composition, action, and expression, together with the perspective necessary to convey all and every merit that is to be found in the most approved works of that celebrated best-known artist, Raphael. And by the various modes of multiplying the designs of this master, and their certain results, they are about as well known wherever Art is thought of at all, as in the very places where the original works themselves exist; and the man who goes abroad for the purpose of studying them, would quite as well remain at home and save his time and money, as wander over the earth in search of what is daily brought to his own door. A little faith and a great deal of study, even at second hand, would not fail to make him master of all that the works themselves can teach, if he is himself possessed of the requisite qualities in which the real artist has alone be awakened.

The Venetian School and Titian.

It remains now to show how the great Venetian, or Northern School of Painting, may claim a distinguished consideration that has failed to be awarded to it, except by a few who have dared to think for themselves, and have not consented to the imposition of mere opinion, unsustained by anything more rational than authority often self-established—realising the line of the sonnet:

'And Art made tongue-tied by authority.'

These Northern rivals of the Southern school of lines, very early gave evidence of preparation for a longer voyage in Art, and a more hazardous navigation than the world had yet known, making ready to sail wherever their means, husbanded and economised to the utmost, would convey them; and how their object was attained, and their discoveries immortalized in the new domains added to Art, we are about to see, though the majority of mankind will still follow the leading of a few, who having established, by consent of the mass, a reputation for one sort of knowledge—and perhaps that well-based and real—come to be accepted even where they have given no evidence of their ability to judge, or where, perhaps, the evidence is directly against them. If this is still true, in times when men assert the right of private judgment, as never men before asserted it, how shall we wonder that the renowned ones of the Art, as Michael Angelo, should venture to pass judgment on the works of a school, whose principles he was not enough acquainted with to judge aright, and that this should have been received by those who knew his greatness in other departments of Art, and were willing to take for granted that he knew better than they whatever related to the subject?

I will venture to say that had the schools of Raphael and Michael Angelo their reputations to make anew in our day, they would fail to fill the general ear with such clamor for precedence over the Northern school, which sought to realise pictorial Art—not in lines alone, but through all the painter's means, viz: lines, chiaro-oscuro, and color.

Let us carefully examine how and why the Venetian school and their representative man, Titian, performed a greater mission, or reared a loftier superstructure, because they founded a wider basis, than the school of Rome or Florence, with their representative man, Raphael.

The school of Venice had from the first proposed to itself a less limited sphere of action than any other—they were not to be bounded by lines, and hemmed in by mere squares and circles. They were among the earliest in Italy to adopt the advantages presented in the discovery of oil, as a vehicle for the use of color in pictorial representation; not as a shield merely against the action of a humid climate, but as presenting other and higher advantages over fresco, as this had asserted itself superior to mosaic in its capacity for nicer gradations than those of the stone, or solid mineral picture. Oil-colors promised fuller means of reaching all qualities which Nature presented to the eye of the painter, and particularly those degrees of the opacity of light which fresco had proved itself totally incapable of rendering. The latter would have been enough, and more than sufficient for the use and development of a school of mere lines or bare forms, but not so for the one we are about to glance at. *That* must have a material that could be made to answer or respond to whatever appearance Nature presented to the eye, for its aim was to reproduce *all the appearances of Nature on a plane*. And unless the transparencies of spaces, as seen in Nature, could be represented by the apparent absence of solidity in the pigment in some of the parts, how in others could the value of the opaque be rendered?—for everything in this Art being comparative, unless the transparency of the shadows could be first given, it must remain impossible to furnish the opacity of the lights—light being opaque, and shadow *transparent*. It was this demand for fuller means to render the appearances of Nature, that caused oil to be adopted by the Venetian painters, and which should make it still the most approved vehicle for pictorial Art; for it furnishes that whereby all the gradations of opacity can be as nicely rendered as those of transparency, which latter are all equally within the province of water, or fresco; but those gradations of opacity which depend on the use of white cannot be given in any other vehicle than oil—that is, with the nicety and degree required. And this school, which aimed at a universal rendering of the appearances of Nature, had need of every facility that a bountiful Providence had placed at the disposal of His creatures. And when there appeared among them a man ready to fulfil their aims, who, starting from the point of the utmost they and their Southern rivals had attained, went on and on—and on beyond all his earlier competitors and equals, until in his old age he had farther outstripped them all in his varied excellences in all the demands of painting, than he had done in his greater length of days,—then I say, in this century of merit the world received a treasure which the world has not yet fully learned to appreciate. The other schools had measured him, and passed their verdict on him in his comparative youth—then even ranking his Peter Martyr third picture in the world. But in his later, riper, and transcendant days, he made such pictures as the world had never before known, and never since—such as, if the Peter Martyr was third picture when painted, these latter must have been first by all modes of computation—pictures that cause the Peter Martyr even to seem lame and incomplete.

When Titian had fully demonstrated that the law of mere lines was insufficient to embody all that he demanded in the Art, and had shown that whatever quality the human eye could discern in Nature, either internal or external, could be rendered in the pigments, white, black, red, yellow, and blue, he had solved a problem which the school of Raphael never dreamed of; for they had done only so much as lines could accomplish—their chiaro-oscuro and color being too imperfect to add any real value to their works. Whereas, lines to the Venetians, were only one of the means to an end, which disappeared themselves at last in the complete result, as mere aids and helps to a full rendering, in which they were eventually overlaid, and hid as entirely as Nature hides and overlays the unfoldings of her means to ends, and realising the rule, 'the best Art hides its means' under seeming simplicity.

Dark, and light, and color, in their boundaries represent all of lines that can ever properly appear in the finished picture.

It is a false notion that the Venetian school, as a whole, is inferior in linear design and drawing to any other whatsoever—the prevalent false idea having grown out of the great difficulty in resolving their pictures back to mere lines. And who, I would ask, has ever seen the wonderful pictures of Titian reproduced by engravings, so as to afford the slightest idea of the works themselves? Nothing can be so utterly deficient. And because his merit is in color, you say! But you are wrong. No pictures have so much for the engraver to cope with as his, for no one knew, as he, the utmost possibilities of dark and light, the very elements of engraving. But his chiaro-oscuro is too much and too good to be conveyed by mere black ink upon white paper; one must have great skill to render it at all, with all the means of that painter himself, unless he could borrow his very knowledge with his heart and head at the same time with his pallet and brushes. But there are not only the difficulties of chiaro-oscuro to be encountered, but all those qualities in the picture which are not simply either dark and light or color in themselves, but the use and order of them so cunningly applied, as to have made it a thing of the unattained or unattainable to reproduce them without all the means and appliances and cunning to boot of Titian himself. And how could it be hoped that mere scratches of black upon white could reach a realization of effects that are almost too wonderful for belief, and often too wonderful for the sight of the unacquainted eye, unless helped along by more than the knowledge and experience of the tyro in Art? Those who are capable, learn to see the works of Titian, just as they learn to see that Nature which is the original of those works, and no more rapidly.

THE HALL OF BITTERSWEET.

BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

There is a hall in which at times
I sit and meditate my rhymes;
'Tis with old tapestry hung round;
Dark figures on a sky-blue ground,
Drawn to the life, and changing still
As if obedient to the will
Of puppet-showman, or a wand
Waved by unseen magician's hand;
Untold by me they come and go,
Such forms as long long years ago
My heart and arms and ears and eyes
Alas! took for realities.
Never upon that tapestry
Shows itself form unknown to me;
All, all are out of times gone by,
Familiar all to heart and eye;
Yet not exactly they're portrayed;
There's still some difference in shade,
Brightness, or outline; or a tone
Thrown over them not quite their own—
Not that precisely which they wore
When they were known to me before;
Mellower, in general, they appear,
Mellower but less distinct and clear,
As the creations of a dream,
Or mountains in the distance seem.
It's my delight to sit and gaze
On those fair forms of other days;
The well-known lineaments to trace—
Each feature of each long-lost face;
And I'd that chamber never quit
If the dear images, that flit
Upon its antique tapestry,
Looked with the same kind glance on me,
As they looked on me in past years,
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears,
But still with love—Ah, no! ah, no!
Coldly they come, coldly they go,
And with the same look from me sever
As if before they had seen me never;
And so at last with watery eye
And heavy heart, and many a sigh,
I rise up slowly from my seat
And leave the Hall of Bittersweet.

TROMPETTER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

[From The Boston Evening Transcript.]

BACHELORS.

Are you a married man, or a bachelor? . . . .
Wisely I say I am a bachelor. . . . That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry.—*Julius Cæsar, act 3, scene 3.*

Pope—himself an old bachelor, and therefore speaking from experience—affords but little comfort to the brotherhood. He says:

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore;
Full well they merit all they feel, and more.

The etymology of this word is anything but complimentary. Junius derives it from βακηλος, foolish; and Menage, from vas chevalier, a knight of the lowest order. It is by some supposed to be derived from baccalaureus, crowned with laurel-berries. This is more dignified, certainly; but it reminds us of George Colman's words, in regard to Sir Thomas Erpingham, who returned from his wars in France, crowned with laurels, and sat down in his solitary castle, all alone:

That sitting under laurels, all alone,
Is much more dignified, than entertaining.

Legislators have done their utmost, since God created man, to compel this refractory class to fall into the ranks, like useful citizens, and obey the standing orders, recorded in the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. The Roman censors fried old bachelors, as Satan advised the Lord to try Job—in their substance. They were fined, but to very little purpose; possibly the ordeal with boils might have been more effectual. Dion mentions an ancient law which compelled persons of full age to marry. In the time of Augustus, the lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus, was enacted; and old bachelors were handled without mittens. They were made incapable of taking legacies, and of inheriting, with certain exceptions. Thus, to employ a venerable pun, matrimony became, in a somewhat novel way, a matter o'money; for Plutarch says the dread of losing these golden advantages drove many to marry—probably as the less evil of the twain.

With the Hebrews, marriage at twenty was a matter of obligation. They gave a literal construction to the command in Genesis. Celibacy was accounted disgraceful—a cause for reproach. Women were willing to support themselves, if they could only get married, and remove the disgrace. Thus we read, in Isaiah iv. 1:

And in that day, seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.

It is not stated whether these seven women were maids or widows.

Lycurgus was rather hard upon old bachelors. By his laws they were accounted infamous; rendered ineligible to any office, civil or military; and forbidden to appear at the public shows or sports, unless to be led round the market-place by the women, in derision. They were compelled to sing certain songs in ridicule of themselves.

By the canon-law, when males arrived at puberty they were required either to marry, or turn monks and profess chastity forever. In England, in 1695, the seventh year of William III., bachelors over twenty-five years of age were subject to an annual tax—£12 10s. for a duke, etc. In after time they were taxed upon their servants. In turning over the leaves of William Hone's table-book, we stumbled on this passage:

There is a being who can never taste the exquisite joys of home—I mean the old bachelor. He returns to his lodging—there may be everything he can possibly desire, in the shape of external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of his housekeeper; but the room has an air of chilling vacancy,—the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance,—the chairs, set around with provoking neatness, look provokingly useless and unoccupied. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival,—no loving hand meets his,—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits down to a book, alone. There is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy with him the favorite passage, the apt remark, the just criticism.

And all the——We were about to finish transcribing this interesting passage, when, lifting our eyes across the street, we saw Caudle and his fat wife. It was very hot,—they appeared fatigued, and out of sorts,—she was hanging on one arm, and he was carrying her sick poodle on the other. Well truly, thought we, as we shoved aside the volume and laid down our pen, there is much to be said on both sides of almost every question. SIGMA.

— The Hon. Grantley Berkeley—who during the last few years has been devoting his energies to establishing in England an Acclimatization Society, the object of which is to acclimatise 'everything useful to ornament gardens, parks, rivers, or fields,'—in the pursuit of this object, and by means of the liberal assistance given the society by Miss Burdett Coutts, has visited this country, and has been lecturing in England since his return there, upon what he saw during his visit. From the absurd statements he makes of his experience while here, the conviction is forced upon us that the Hon. Grantley Berkeley has either no brains or no sense of truth, and that whichever may be the case, we have reason to rejoice that he has not turned his energies to establishing his society in his own person in this country, since he himself is not calculated to be either ornamental or useful in any part of it.

[From Vanity Fair.]

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The soft rays of the Autumn sun
Fell goldenly on land and wave,
Touching with holy light the grave
That holds the dust of Washington.

A sacred Presence brooded round,
A halo of divinest flame;
The memory of the mighty Name
That makes Mount Vernon hallowed ground!

A stately silent group was there—
The nation's Ruler, crowned with years,
And England's Prince amid his peers,
Uncovered in the reverent air!

Beneath the old ancestral trees
They walked together, side by side,
In sun and shadow, close-allied,
Linked in the happy bands of Peace.

Two friendly nations met in them,
Two mighty nations, one of old,
Cast in the same gigantic mould,
Shoots from the sturdy Saxon stem.

They gathered round his holy dust,
The wisest of the many wise
That shaped our early destinies,
And fought our battles, sternly just.

Like brothers at his grave they stood,
And gloried in his common Name;
Forgetting all things but his fame,
Remembering only what was good!

Twas gracefully and nobly done,
A royal tribute to the free,
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,
Before the Grave of Washington!

[From the London Athenæum, Oct. 6.]

OPENING OF THE LITERARY SEASON.

The Literary Season, which begins with Mr. Murray's annual sale, promises to be one of unusual activity and excellence; one to add very considerably to any new edition of Walpole's list of 'Noble Authors.' Dukes, earls, and barons, ladies and honorables,—half the peerage is rushing into print. Inquiries made at the chief publishing houses put us in possession of the following literary news: In History and Biography, the reading public may expect Lord Stanhope's 'Life of William Pitt,'—the Duke of Buckingham's 'Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of William IV. and Queen Victoria,'—two more volumes of Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,'—Mr. Dixon's 'Personal History of Francis Bacon,'—Lady Chatterton's 'Memoirs of Admiral Gambier,'—Mr. Kinglake's 'History of the War in the Crimea,'—Lord Carnarvon's 'Recollections of the Druses,'—Lord Auckland's 'Memoirs and Correspondence of William, First Lord Auckland,'—the second volume of Lord Dundonald's 'Autobiography,'—Lady Llanover's 'Autobiography of Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany,'—the Dean of Chichester's 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from Augustine to Hawley,'—the completion of Mr. M'Knight's 'Life of Edmund Burke,'—Mrs. Piozzi's 'Autobiography and Letters,'—J. P. Cobbett's 'Life of William Cobbett,'—Mr. St. John's 'History of England under the Saxons,'—Mr. Motley's 'History of the United Netherlands,'—'The Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester,'—the late Mr. Leslie's 'Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,'—a second part of Dr. Wolff's 'Autobiography,'—a 'Life of Jerome Bonaparte,'—the completion of Mr. Hazlitt's 'History of Venice,'—and Mr. Trollope's 'Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar.' In Travels and Sport, we shall have Mr. Hind's 'Narrative of the Canadian Red River, and Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expeditions,'—a first volume of 'The Voyage of the Novara Round the World,'—Mr. Boner's 'Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria,'—Mr. Lee's 'Six Months' Season of the Tropics,'—Mr. Grantley Berkeley's 'Western Prairies,'—Miss Bremer's 'Two Years in Switzerland,'—Señor Valde's 'Six Years in Western Africa,'—Mr. Collyer's 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset,'—Sir Francis Head's 'The Horse and his Rider,'—Mr. George Borrow's 'The Sleeping Bard.'—In Miscellanies we shall have Mr. Emerson's 'Conduct of Life,'—Mr. Davis's 'Carthage and its Remains,'—Mr. Jeaffreson's 'Book about Doctors,'—Mr. Wise's 'Shakespeare and his Birthplace,'—the Rev. W. Elwins 'Life and Works of Pope,'—Dr. Mackay's 'Jacobite Ballads of Scotland,'—'The Complete Works of Hogarth, with an Essay on the Genius of Hogarth,' by Mr. James Hannay,—the late Mr. John Austin's 'Treatise on General Jurisprudence,'—Mr. Grote's essay 'On Plato's Doctrine of the Rotation of the Earth,'—'Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife,' by the Author of 'Paul Ferroll,'—Mr. Newton's 'Researches and Discoveries,'—Mr. Wilkins's 'Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries,'—Dr. Percy's 'Metallurgy,' and Prof. Bentley's 'Manual of Botany.'

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those only of four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

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JULY, 1859.
The Assured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	23½
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW AS ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.
William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt, Adrian Iselin, Edward Jones, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Edward Burckhardt, James W. Beekman, N. W. Stuyvesant, Charles De Rham, A. McL. Agnew, William Bloodgood, William F. Cary, Jr., George A. Robbins, Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., David Jones, Jaques Guedin, J. P. Giraud Foster, Edward Cooper, E. Von der Heydt, S. M. Beckley, James S. Wadsworth, Cornelius Du Bois, William Schall, George Griswold, Jr., Martin Zabriskie, Franklin H. Delano, Hamilton Blydenburgh, Josiah H. Burton, R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
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THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1860

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:
JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*
Hugh Maxwell, John J. Crane, Richard Irvin, George Bulkley, Joseph Stuart, Henry Stokes, Silas Davis, B. F. Wardwell, Henry Camerden, Jr., Francis Skiddy, Sam'l. L. Mitchell, Dudley B. Fuller, Wm. James Todd, George T. Cobb, Robert T. Haws, F. C. Havemeyer, William K. Collis, J. P. Robinson, Moses Taylor, Charles H. Marshall, William J. Butler, A. C. Kingsland, R. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Kirkland, Chas. Chamberlain, Robert T. Wilde, Rudolph Standinger, Wm. R. Nichols, Oscar Varet.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor*

INSURANCE.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:
W. P. Palmer, Rufus L. Lord, William F. Mott, Edwin D. Morgan, William W. Fox, Richard Tighe, Peter Cooper, Thomas Barron, Robt. B. Minturn, Moses Taylor, Thos. W. Pearsall, Henry Elsworth, Augustus H. Ward, James Colles, Sydney Mason, L. S. Suarez, John Caswell, John Steward, John C. Green, Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since 1853.
38 " " " 1848.
39½ " " " 1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	—$1,395,622 21

☞ This is the eldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK. | OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,061 72
ASSETS	$260,061 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES NOSTRHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALLEN, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

Printed at Allen's Office No. 9 Spruce street, New York.